

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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PEACE AND GOODWILL TO ALL MANKIND

NEW FLEET BORN? WHAT THE EMANUEL MAY MEAN

200-Ton Sailing Ship Entirely
Manned By Jews

UNDER THE SHIELD OF DAVID

Great oaks from little acorns grow. Will a great mercantile fleet, sailing under a Jewish flag, be the fruit of the tiny 200-ton sailing ship Emanuel, which has just reached our shores?

The Emanuel is the first vessel to sail the seas with a Jewish captain and manned wholly by a Jewish crew.

She was purchased in Denmark in the autumn, on behalf of a Palestine trading company, by a young Palestine pioneer, Captain A. Grevnow, and soon recruited a crew of six, all Jews. There are two other Palestinians, two Austrians, a German, and a Dutchman, four of them discharged from German ships on account of their religion and race.

On the Doorposts

Now they are to sail a ship of their own, the first all-Jewish ship, trading along the Palestine coast, and flying at the stern, with the Union Jack, the Palestine-Zionist flag of blue-and-white, fronted with the crossed triangles which form the traditional Shield of David.

Other traditions, also, are being observed about the Emanuel (which means God with us).

On the doorposts of two of the cabins the mezuzah has been fixed. The word means doorpost, and the mezuzah, which will be found on the door of every Jewish home all over the world, high or humble, is a little metal container, oblong in shape, about two and a half inches long, holding inside a tiny scroll upon which, in the ancient Hebrew character, are inscribed the Ten Commandments. This carries out the precept of the Bible:

And these words shall be upon your heart, and ye shall write them upon the doorposts of your house.

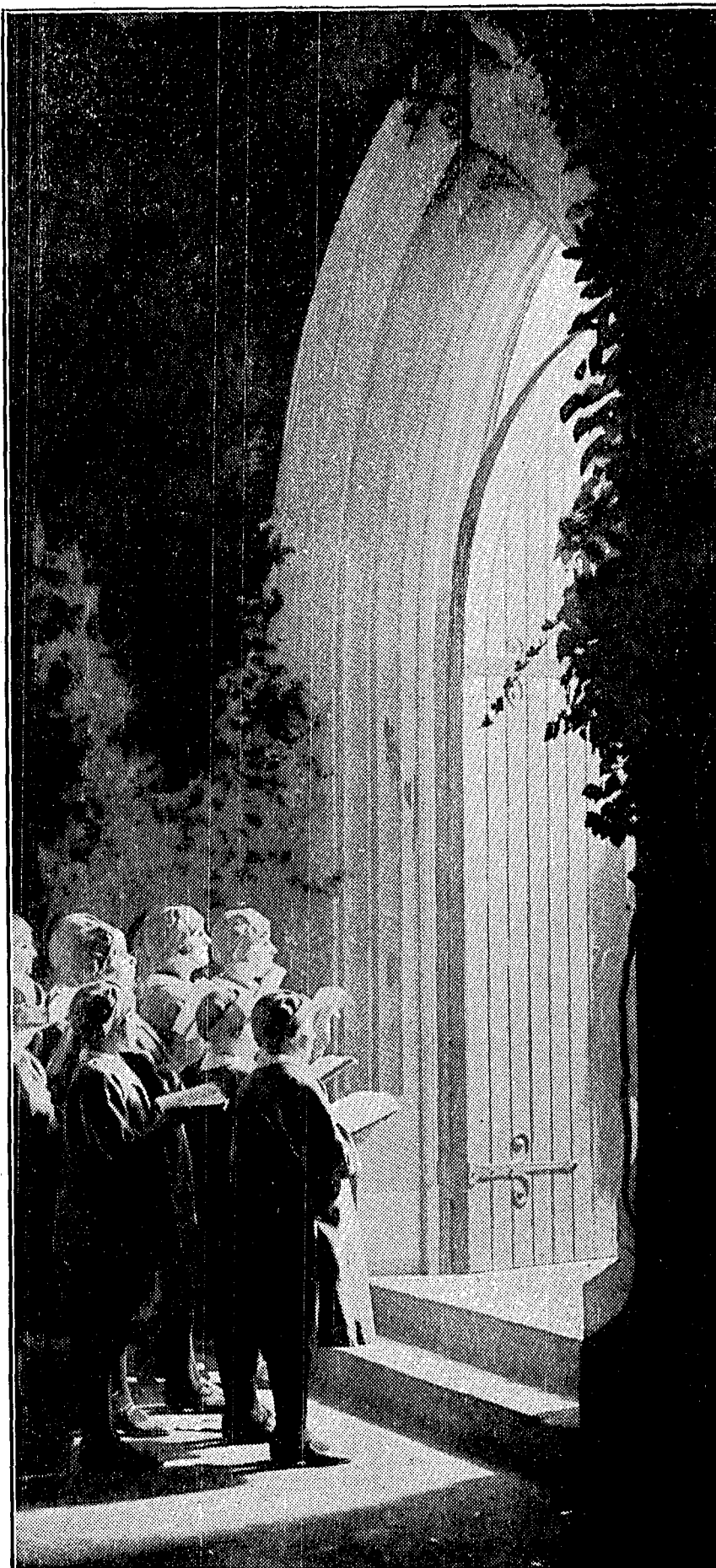
In the cook's galley of the Emanuel every article of food is ceremonially fitted for the consumption of the religious Jew. No forbidden food will be cooked.

Jewish Sabbath

At sea, as far as possible, each Saturday has been observed in strict accordance with the traditions of the Jewish Sabbath, all work being avoided from sunset on the Friday night until sunset on the Saturday, except what was actually necessary. The Great Fast of Yom Kippur, at the end of September, which occurred after the Emanuel had begun her pioneer voyage, was kept with the utmost particularity.

For the crew of the Emanuel the voyage symbolised the grandeur of freedom from scorn and persecution. Now she will make many a happy journey between the ports of Palestine, Cyprus, Syria, and Egypt, and ere long there will be sister ships to join her.

Father Time Opens the Door



New Year, coming on apace,
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face.

You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to Heaven, please God.

A NEW PROBLEM OF THE SEA THE LINKS OF OUR EMPIRE

Are British Ships Receiving
Fair Play?

FIGHTING SUBSIDIES

It is probable that one of the chief events in the industrial world in 1934 will be the completion of the new Cunard liner on which building was suspended owing to the Depression.

The hope of the merging into one of our two chief Atlantic shipping companies, the Cunard and the White Star, has brought about the likelihood that the new Cunarder will be proceeded with, under the sympathetic cooperation of the Government.

In the meantime the whole question of the future of British shipping has become acute in consequence of the extreme competition of foreign ships under conditions which are considered unfair to this country.

One in Three

The British share of the world's merchant ships was 43 per cent in 1914; today, 19 years later, it is 29 per cent.

So Mr Alexander Shaw, chairman of the famous P. and O. Line, declares, in demanding Government aid for British shipping.

That we still own about one in three of the world's tonnage is no small thing, but it must be confessed that our share is not so great as of old.

Even more remarkable is the fact that in the first 10 months of this year the British ships using our ports fell by about 6,000,000 tons as compared with 1931, while foreign vessels rose by 3,700,000 tons.

Mr Shaw declares that these changes are due to the subsidies paid to foreign shipowners by their Governments, which is unfair competition; he thinks we shall have to consider meeting it by closing British ports to the ships of nations treating us unfairly, this to apply both to home and Empire ports.

Another Point of View

We have also to look at the thing from another point of view. If British trade were faced with the fact that any foreign country possessed 43 in each 100 of the world's ships, should we be satisfied? To ask the question is to understand why foreign nations have sought to establish great mercantile marines of their own. We have every right, however, to demand and to obtain fair play, and foreign shipping subsidies have indeed become enormous. America pays out in this way £17,000,000 a year; Italy £5,000,000; France £4,000,000.

We must always remember that the sea joins or divides the members of the Empire. British ships are the links without which the oceans spell separation.

A BOOK FOR PESSIMISM TIME

KEEP ON BELIEVING

Sir Herbert Samuel Looks at
the Tree of Good and Evil

HUMANITY MARCHES ON

The Tree of Good and Evil. By Sir Herbert Samuel. Davies. 2s 6d.

Even the C.N. finds it hard to be an Optimist sometimes, but it is helped by this little book by Sir Herbert Samuel, the leader of that valiant little host which holds the flag for the greatest cause that ever fell on hard times.

Sir Herbert does not believe that evil is fundamental in the heart of things, nor does he believe that there is no evil. He believes there is no such thing as a Principle of Evil, but that evil is a thing we can fight and get rid of.

To those who would blame the Creator for not making a better world Sir Herbert Samuel answers that the world is a process, a scheme that is evolving.

Things That Pass

On any other plan the world must have been stationary, a world in which in a thousand years all things would be the same, the same people still cumbering the Earth. As Sir Herbert finely says: *there is pathos in the things that pass, but in things that never passed there would be despair.*

The world was made free, and there is no freedom without the choice to pursue the right way or the wrong way; and often men choose wrong, so bringing evil into the world. Every evil, Sir Herbert believes, is somebody's fault.

Two powerful examples he gives which are worth remembering. Old Egypt knew no greater calamity than the failure or the flooding of the Nile; its failure brought famine, its flooding brought destruction and in the depths of their despair the people saw the work of hidden powers, the punishment of gods. Now human powers have stopped both these calamities. The other example he gives is of the Black Death, which cut in two our population and has now been stopped itself by that triumphant march of science which is striking down disease after disease.

Evils Swept Away

Sir Herbert (who is addressing the British Institute of Philosophy as its President) quotes a philosopher of the past who declared that evil dominated the world, and called as his witness the millions of Negro slaves or the millions of weavers in Europe who led so miserable an existence. Within 20 years from the time he wrote Negro slavery was abolished, and within 50 years the lives of the weavers had been transformed. Clearly evils can be swept away.

Sir Herbert would agree with a theory we have long held that the bad news in the papers is good news, for papers pick out what is exceptional; they give great space to a criminal, not because we are all criminals, but because so few of us are. Crime, war, disease, tragedy, fill the papers because they are abnormal, not because they are normal; and it is true, as Sir Herbert says, that if we examine the world's daily ledger with the thoroughness of an auditor we find an immense balance on the right side.

Time the Sower

Sir Herbert declares that if Optimism means closing our eyes to unfavourable things, or if it means that things will come right somehow, he cannot count himself an Optimist. Neither can we, for we know that evil cannot be conquered save by good.

This is Sir Herbert Samuel's creed, a noble one:

We may see Time rather as a sower than as a reaper, a youth with a spade and a basket of seed rather than an ancient with a scythe. We

WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH IT The Absurdity That Was Captain Cook's Cottage

Captain Cook's Yorkshire cottage is now being pulled down and packed up for Australia, and when we last heard she was wondering what to do with it.

The people of Victoria are, we think, beginning to realise that its old setting is as essential to an old house as its own bricks and mortar.

To find a place that will not add to the absurdity of this poor uprooted cottage and make people wish they had left it in its proper place is Melbourne's trouble now. At first they thought of putting the old building cheek by jowl with their new public library, a magnificent classical building. We can imagine what the little cottage from Yorkshire would have looked like beside those mighty columns!

An Empty Shell

Almost we wish they had put it there, to show up once and for all that, though bricks and tiles can be transported across the world, you cannot pack up a memory or the true feeling of a place and send them along too.

One of the many Australians who agree with us that Captain Cook's cottage is no more and that only its shell is left, empty of all it once stood for, ends a letter to the papers with the assurance that he is content that Australia will always have the navigator's landing-place at Botany Bay.

But will she always? Supposing somebody were to come along and cart the sand away to England to make a little heap of it in Hyde Park, labelled:

This is where Captain Cook first landed in Australia!

That is what Victoria has done, making a show by robbing her Motherland.

AN EMPIRE HEADMASTER Dr W. S. Littlejohn

Scotland has sent to Australia no finer son than Dr W. S. Littlejohn, late Principal of the Scotch College at Melbourne.

The news of his death has taken a little time to reach us, but it is never too late to pay tribute to a great man.

He made his college one of Australia's finest public schools, and increased its numbers till it became the largest public school in the Empire, with more than 1200 boys.

He won his M.A. at Aberdeen, and became headmaster of the Australian college when he was 45. At once he established the perfect system and had the good sense to allow the boys to elect their first prefects. He loved the boy who loved Greek and Latin, but he insisted that no boy should be forced to study the classics against his will.

Dr Littlejohn had the joy of seeing his own boy chosen as a Rhodes Scholar.

His funeral service was broadcast, for his mourners were scattered throughout Australia. The whole country felt that it had lost a friend and Education a leader.

Continued from the previous column

may believe that those whose ears are really in tune with the chant of Nature can hear a music swelling from her innumerable voices which is not a dirge but a paean, a song of life abounding and triumphant. And if in our world there are vales of tears, there are hill-sides also of joy and laughter, and peaks of splendour shining in the sun.

That is finely said, and it is Optimism as well as literature. "God giveth the fowls meat, but they must fly for it," is a proverb Sir Herbert quotes; and, as it is the faith that we can have meat by flying for it that makes an Optimist, we claim Sir Herbert as a leader in that deathless army which goes on believing.

L.M.S.

The Biggest Company in England

Few people would think of a railway company as being the biggest hotel owner and shopkeeper in the country.

The L.M.S. Railway is something more than this, however, for its manager, Sir Josiah Stamp, stated at Blackpool the other day that the expenditure of the railway, 80 million pounds, is greater than the whole annual expenditure of Canada, twice as much as the annual expenditure of the Irish Free State, and four times that of New Zealand. The servants of the railway company number nearly a quarter of a million, and these, with their families, would make up a town as big as Manchester.

The L.M.S. owns 39 hotels, more than any other hotel owner in the country, and has 2490 branch shops for the passenger trade and 2934 for the goods traffic. It is thus easily the biggest multiple shop proprietor in the country.

Rolling Stock and Track

During 1934 the company is to spend nearly eight and a half million pounds on replacements of rolling stock and track improvements.

Five hundred miles of track are to be renewed, calling for 80,000 tons of rails; and there are to be 232 new engines, 159 boilers, 674 carriages, and 5365 goods wagons. This expenditure will provide work for thousands of men.

Since 1923 more than 100 million pounds will have been spent on improving the L.M.S. track and rolling stock, including the present outlay.

GOOD TRADE NEWS A Pre-War Figure Beaten

The November Trade Returns give us more good news of British commerce.

Comparing this November with last they show that our exports of British goods rose by £3,341,000 and our imports by £2,218,000.

The increase in exports was in manufactured articles. The imports of raw materials rose by £3,332,000. The increase in materials bought is a pointer; it shows that more work is being done.

The rise in exports of manufactures was in all sorts of goods, iron and steel, cottons, woollens, chemicals, cutlery, hardware, machinery, electrical goods, and so on.

Turning to home trade, not included in these Returns, we have good reports from many quarters. It is notable that iron and steel output continues to increase. In steel we have now beaten the pre-war figure for November, the output being 638,000 tons in 1913 and 695,000 last month.

MUST OUR RACE DIMINISH? Fewer Children Born

The Registrar-General gives us a most important report for the third quarter of the year in England and Wales.

The cheerful part is that marriages showed a great increase, but the Return shows a further fall in the birth-rate, which was only 14.6 for each 1000 of the population, as against 24 in the year before the war and 25 in 1920.

This is one of the most important and significant changes in the history of the world. It means that the population is not now being replaced by new lives, and that, unless a great change occurs, the English race must soon diminish rapidly.

NOT LOST

The manuscript of Scott's Talisman, thought to be lost, has turned up in Moscow's Historical Museum. It was bought for £1000 by a Russian Ambassador in 1863.

MARS IN THE CLOUDS A Flying-Boat Watched By Other Nations

Hitherto flying-boats have mounted no more than machine-guns.

Now the Air Ministry has received its first flying-boat mounting a one-and-a-half pounder quick-firing gun, which demands great strength in its platform because of its heavy recoil.

Again the ingenuity of men has overcome a great difficulty, and we are told the experiment is likely to be watched by other nations with keen interest. We have no doubt that other nations will do better (or worse) before very long. The Air Ministry's gun is the first of a number that have been ordered. It is to be put into service forthwith. The boat is sturdy and essentially seaworthy: she can do 130 miles an hour.

COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS How a Problem Was Solved

"Yes, I'm afraid there'll be slim pickings at our house this Christmas too," said one partially employed man of a small American town to an unemployed neighbour.

"Of course it doesn't matter to the wife and me, but the kiddies will feel it terribly."

After having heard a conversation like this far too often a group of mothers put their heads together to arrange a Community Christmas, and the result was that employed and unemployed had one of the happiest Christmas Days they remember.

Everybody wanted to help, and the women who had expected to carry through the arrangements themselves found first one thing and then another taken off their shoulders. The school-children looked after the decorations, the carols, short plays, and recitations. From the shopkeepers came the food, the prizes, and the presents. They gave what they could and sold the rest as cheaply as possible to the business men. The women gave jam, sweets, and cakes, and did the cooking and serving of the dinner. The unemployed helped to chop firewood, found and set up a lovely tree, carried chairs, helped to decorate, and did the thousand-and-one odd jobs needed by such a big party.

And so, instead of half the town having no Christmas at all, everybody had a jollier time than ever, for they were helping one another. And this was not the only Community Christmas in America. The idea spread, and with this sharing of joy came the real spirit of the loveliest birthday of the year.

THINGS SAID

Only the competent are entitled to be self-reliant. Principal Jacks

I am what they call a self-made woman. Lady Oxford

A man in the Australian Bush can now telephone to a man on the African veldt. Professor E. V. Appleton

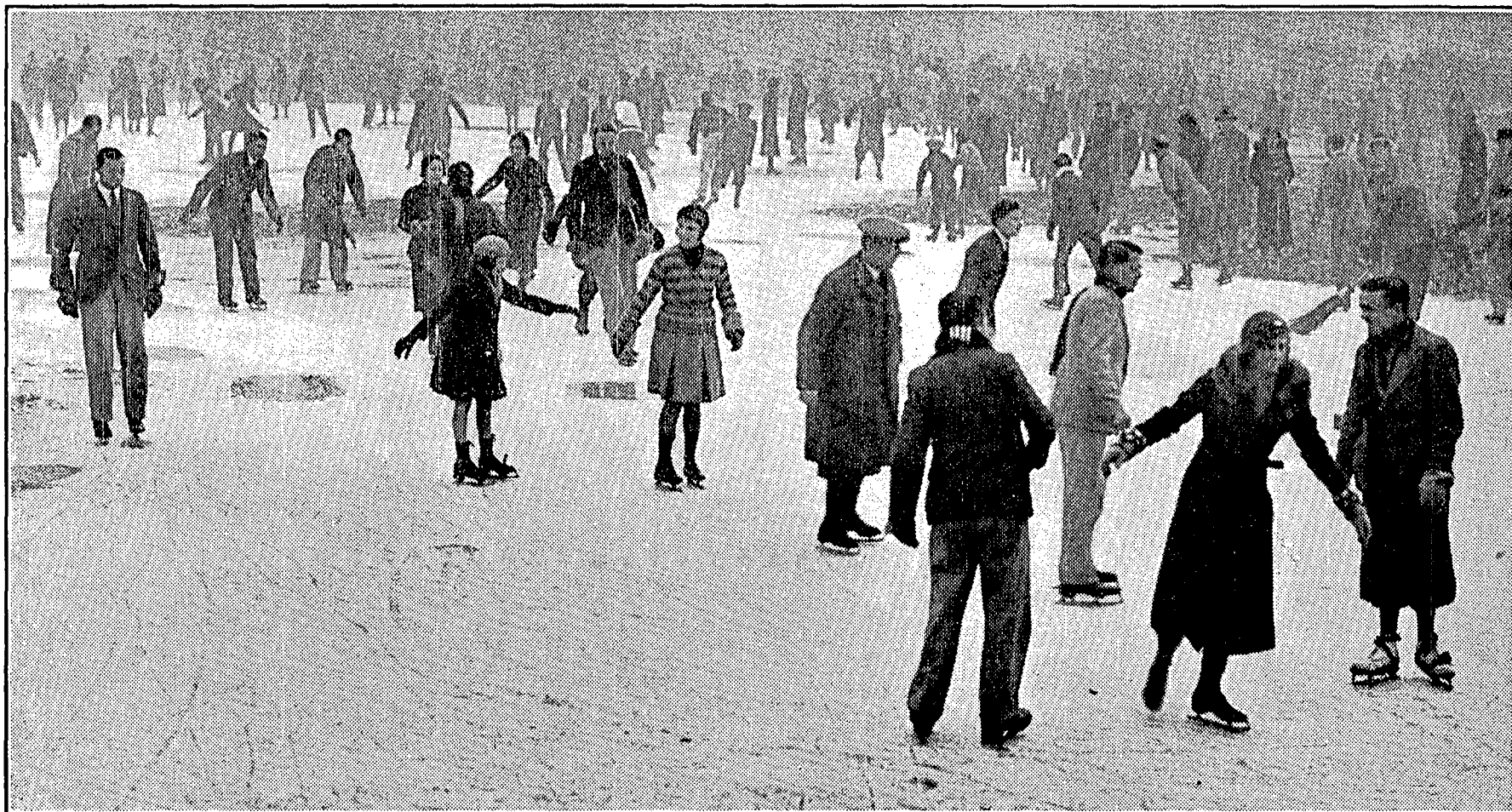
The £2000 grant for milk from the Save the Children Fund has changed 63 children to A1. A headmistress in Wales

Before sending us into the next world the motorist does what he can to diminish the attractions of this. Rev H. D. Madge

The healthy fox as a destroyer of vermin is one of the most useful inhabitants of the countryside. A correspondent

Our composers work on all but the duller days with the sun streaming in on them and birds singing outside. Chairman of a printing firm.

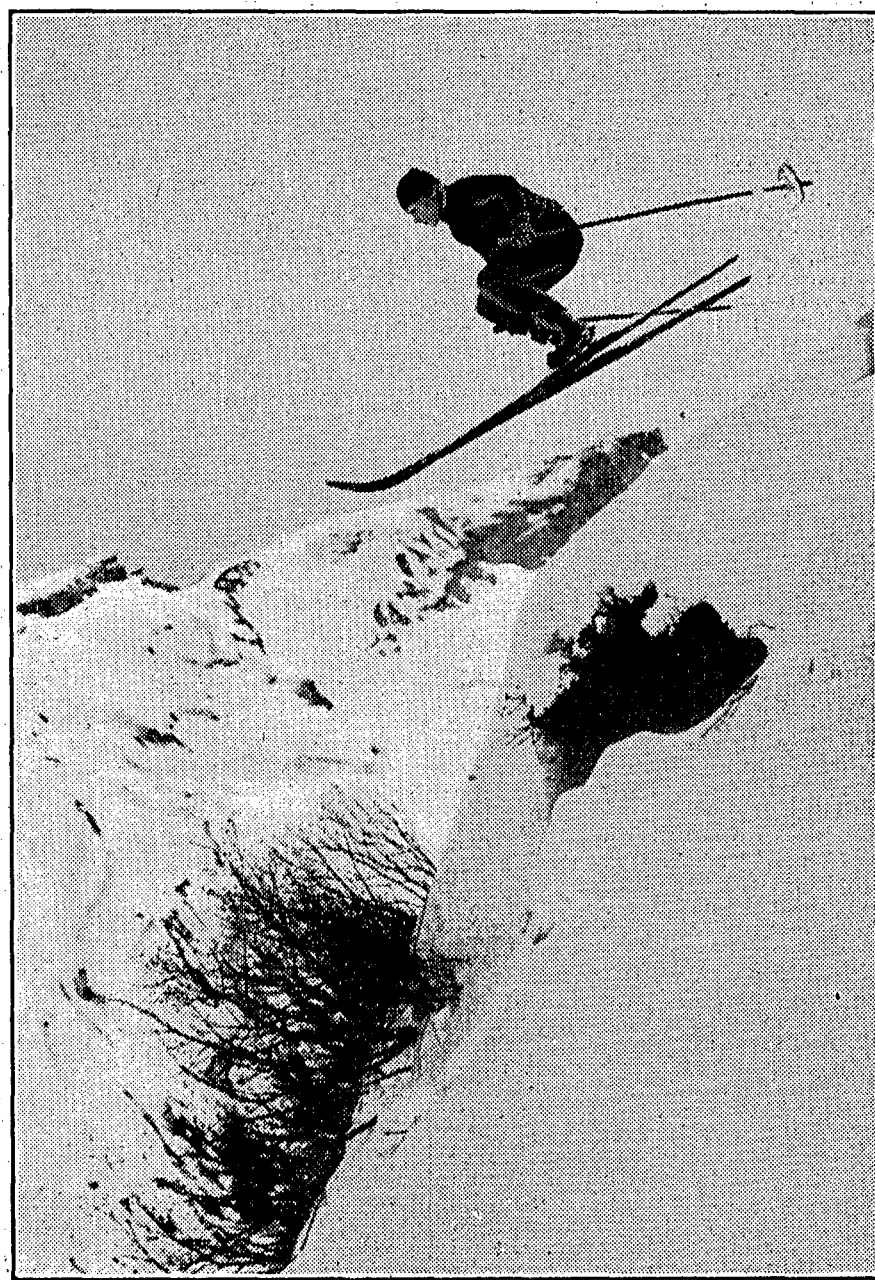
WINTER AT HOME AND ABROAD—PLAYTIME ON ICE AND SNOW



London's Winter Sport—A happy throng of skaters on the ice at Wimbledon Common



In the Austrian Tyrol—There is plenty of snow for ski-ing at Zell-am-See



A Thrilling Leap—An expert takes off from a ledge in the Swiss Alps

THE GREATEST THING THAT HAS HAPPENED THIS YEAR

Remarkable Transformation in Sixty Million Lives

As the old year closes the C.N. wishes to make clear, in reply to many correspondents, what it thinks about the greatest event in

WE have received a large number of letters from Germany concerning our attitude to Herr Hitler. Some are from Germans who write because they have been asked to write, for the same phrases occur in all their letters. Some of them, however, are from faithful readers of these columns for many years, Germans who have loved the things we stand for, and know that we love peace and have nothing but goodwill for all humanity. It is distressing to us that these should find anything to hurt them in our pages.

Shall We Cease To Love Peace?

But the truth is that the C.N. has been among the warmest friends of the German people since the war. It has pleaded their cause. It has declared that there can be no peace without justice, and that Germany's wrongs must be righted. It has denounced the harsh spirit of the victorious Powers in keeping Germany down. It has been proud that our own Government has stood for bringing the German people back into the friendship of nations, equal with all. Those who write that we wish to see Germany weak and defeated write what has never been true. We wish to see Germany strong and successful, a proud nation in a friendly Europe.

But what is to happen when Germany changes and puts on the armour of war? Are we then to give up all our love of peace, all our belief in friendliness, all our hopes of a settlement by goodwill rather than by force? Are we to lose our faith because Germany loses hers?

The Speeches of Herr Hitler

We have never denied that Germany has right on her side, that she has been put off again and again by interested Powers who were afraid of her. We have done all we could to create a favourable atmosphere for Germany in the re-arrangement of Europe that must come by a revision of the Peace Treaty. We believe it was coming as fast as could be expected in a world of such great complexity, and we believe that the chance of a happy settlement all round has been almost entirely destroyed at almost the last moment by Herr Hitler.

We know quite well Herr Hitler's peace speeches, and we have printed them.

But if you want Peace you do not write war books; if you want War you do not make peaceful speeches.

If Herr Hitler wants peace it is the easiest thing for him to make the world believe it, and the world does not believe it. Why have all the friends of Germany throughout the world become suddenly afraid of her? It is not they who have changed; it is Germany.

We must judge Herr Hitler not by speeches he makes, for obvious purposes, but by the book he has written deliberately to set out his aims. It is called *My Struggle*, and in it is the very spirit of war. It contradicts Herr Hitler's peaceful speeches all the time, and the English edition of it has been altered to deceive our people.

Why?

All these things are known to all. Nobody thinks that we want war; why does everybody think Germany does?

Why are German school books full of battle songs?

Why is Germany's population becoming one vast military organism?

Why is the war book of Professor Banse read everywhere with its picture of the downfall of the proud English people?

Why does the Nazi Minister of Education say: "It is upon this people that we call—let us leave God's name out of it"?

Why are all the new books, all the new films, and all the new toys military?

Why is it declared in a school book to be a patriotic duty to practise war to the utmost, even to scattering germs of plague?

Why do children and youths pass in streams through war exhibitions?

We are told that Herr Hitler is a modern Cromwell fired with a deep sense of a heaven-sent mission, leading a clean and austere life, not drinking or smoking, hating loafing, lawlessness, lying, swindling, and taking idle men off the streets and putting them to work.

Why Again?

But why does Herr Hitler's book say these things:

France is the permanent and inexorable enemy of the German nation.

There will be a good chance of success if we isolate France, so that the second struggle shall not be Germany against the world, but Germany against France.

If the German nation is to avert its threatened extinction in Europe it must single out its most dangerous enemy to attack him with every ounce of strength.

Europe in 1933. That is, of course, the tremendous change that has come over Germany, the most powerful country on the Continent.

It is not by right that Germany will regain power but by the might of a victorious sword.

It must be thoroughly understood that the lost lands will never be won back by solemn appeals to the good God, nor by pious hopes of any League of Nations, but only by force of arms.

And why is this left out of the English version of Herr Hitler's book:

The smallest youngster must be taught to pray: *Almighty God, bless our arms hereafter. Be just as thou hast ever been; judge now whether we deserve freedom. Lord, bless our battle.*

The Tragedy

It is the tragedy of the German nation that it does not know the truth, for it is given the news Herr Hitler wishes it to have. We have not been able to write freely to German correspondents for fear of getting them into trouble, and their letters to this country are often opened. There is no peace for any nation in the suppression of freedom.

Herr Hitler puts his opponents into concentration camps; stops public meetings; destroys the freedom of the Press; makes people afraid to speak; interferes with the liberty of the Church; outlaws a minority race.

No nation is great which is not free. No nation is worthy of freedom which oppresses minorities.

What has happened is that Herr Hitler has devised a myth about Race which has nothing in it, and has hypnotised the people while he has deprived them of everything worth having.

Punishing the Prize-Winners

What sort of a nation is it in which it becomes necessary to torture a race out of existence because it carries off the prizes in the struggle of life?

If Germany is a great nation, why is she afraid, with her 60,000,000 people, of fewer than 600,000 Jews?

Since when has it been thought necessary to punish a boy who carries off all the prizes in his school?

We have said before that Hitlerism has invented the meanest thing ever known in a revolution, and nothing has been done to make it untrue.

For almost a thousand years the Jews played an important part in Silesia, developing its industries and making it one of the most productive districts in

Europe; today they are shunned, their lives made unbearable, driven to beggary. The old Germany loved Shakespeare on the stage, but no stage in Germany dare now put on *The Merchant of Venice*.

Back To the Dark Ages

A Jewish lawyer who won six medals as a soldier entered a court where a young Nazi asked him what he was doing there; no one protested, and he went out and waited in the corridor until his case was called. A Jewish soldier died from his war wounds, and a paper refused to publish the obituary notice. Another paper published it and was boycotted by the Nazis. Jewish children must not touch the ball in a game, must not join hands in ring games; they are driven off by cries such as, *Get out, Judas!*

We quote these few examples of what is happening; we might quote cases of torture and beating and of putting men in chains, but we refrain.

It is all like the Middle Ages and the days of torture again, all like going back to the things every decent nation abolished long ago.

The Nazi Case

We give below the statement of Herr Hitler and his colleagues as to what they want and what they are doing.

We continually receive letters from Germany accusing English papers of suppressing Hitler's goodwill speeches. German people believe that none of our papers gave his famous speech at Potsdam; this is said in the official book from which we quote below. It is untrue, for every paper gave it with great prominence. We give Herr Hitler's case in his own words following this statement of the things he does, and it is for our readers to judge whether we love Peace or Herr Hitler does.

We have no ill-will for anyone. We wish to see Germany strong and free. Herr Hitler has deprived her of freedom and is sapping her strength, and the end of that for a nation of 60 million people cannot be foreseen. If Hitlerism wishes peace, it is the strangest thing in the history of the world that it has convinced the friends of Germany everywhere that it wants war.

It is the English belief, based deep in our inmost soul, that a country set free like this is being enslaved.

WHAT WE ARE DOING—BY HERR HITLER AND HIS TEN CHIEF MEN

We give herewith the ideas of Herr Hitler and his ten chief colleagues in the Nazi Government, as set forth in a manifesto sent out from Germany to all great nations.

THE inheritance which has fallen to us is a terrible one.

The task with which we are faced is the hardest which has fallen to German statesmen within the memory of man. But we are all filled with unbounded confidence, for we believe in our people and their imperishable virtues. Every class and every individual must help us to found the new Reich.

The National Government will regard it as their first and foremost duty to revive in the nation the spirit of unity and cooperation. They will preserve and defend those basic principles on which our nation has been built up. They regard Christianity as the foundation of our national morality, and the family as the basis of national life. They are determined, without regard for class and social status, to restore the nation to a consciousness of its political and national unity and of the duties consequent upon this realisation. They intend to make respect for our glorious past and pride in our ancient traditions the ground principles for the education of German youth. In this way they will wage a pitiless warfare upon spiritual, political, and cultural

Nihilism. Germany must not, Germany shall not, go under in the chaos of Communism.

Turbulent instincts must be replaced by a national discipline as the guiding principle of our national life. All those institutions which are the strongholds of the energy and vitality of our nation will be taken under the special care of the Government.

The Government intends to solve the problem of the reorganisation of trade and commerce with two four-year plans:

The German farmer must be rescued in order that the nation may be supplied with the necessities of life.

A concerted and all-embracing attack must be made on unemployment in order that the German working-class may be saved from ruin.

The November parties have ruined the German peasantry in fourteen years. In fourteen years they have created an army of millions of unemployed.

The National Government will, with iron determination and unshakable steadfastness of purpose, put through the following plan:

Within four years the German peasant must be rescued from the quagmire into which he has fallen.

Within four years unemployment must be finally overcome.

Only when this has been done can the idea of a continued federal existence of the entire Reich be fully realised.

Compulsory labour service and the back-to-the-land policy are two of the basic principles of this programme. The securing of the necessities of life will include the performance of social duties to the sick and aged.

As regards their foreign policy the National Government consider their highest mission to be the securing of the right to live and the restoration of freedom to our nation. Their determination to bring to an end the chaotic state of affairs in Germany will assist in restoring to the community of nations a State of equal value and, above all, a State which must have equal rights. They are impressed with the importance of their duty to use this nation of equal rights as an instrument for the securing and maintenance of that peace the world requires today more than ever before.

May the goodwill of all others assist in the fulfilment of this our earnest wish for the welfare of Europe and of the whole world. Great as is our love for our army as the bearer of our arms and the symbol of our great past, we should be happy if the world, by reducing its armaments, would see to it that we need never again increase our own.

If, however, Germany is to experience

this political and economic revival and conscientiously fulfil her duties toward the other nations, one decisive step is absolutely necessary first: the overcoming of the destroying menace of Communism in Germany.

We of this new Government feel ourselves responsible to posterity for the reorganisation of an ordered national State, and, at the same time, for the overcoming of class mania and class warfare.

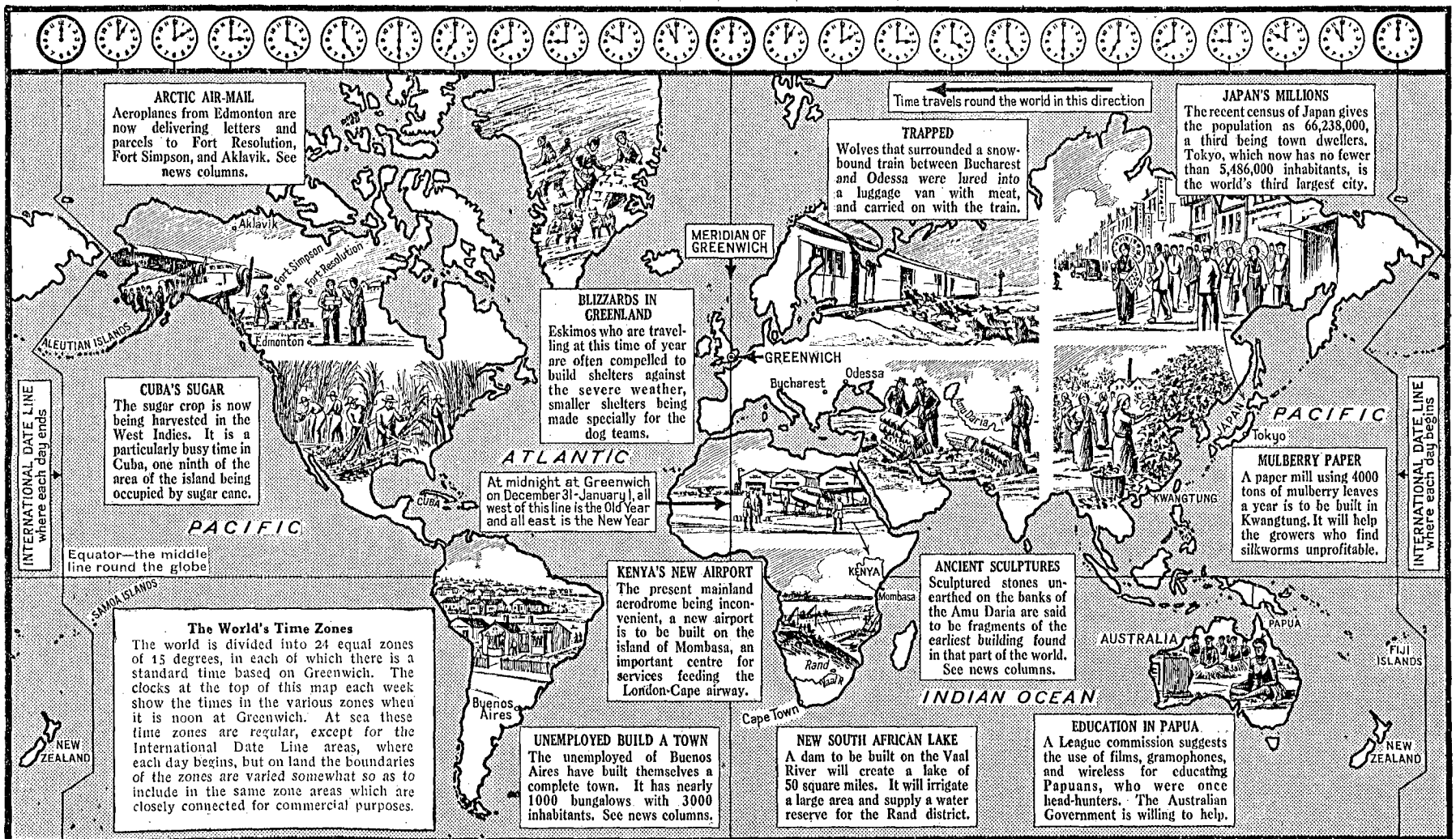
The Government of the national renaissance wishes to work and will work.

It was not this Government which in fourteen years brought the German nation to ruin. What this Government intends to do is to restore the nation to its former eminence. They are determined to make good in four years the evil done in fourteen.

The parties of Marxism and their followers have had fourteen years to show what they can do. The result is a heap of ruins. We now appeal to the German nation to give us four years time and then to pass judgment.

Obedient to the command of the Field-Marshal, we are ready to begin. May God Almighty give our work His blessing, strengthen our purpose, and endow us with wisdom and the trust of our people, for we are fighting not for ourselves but for Germany!

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WHERE THE NEW YEAR BEGINS



THE WORKHOUSE BOY Farm Labourer Becomes a Knight

A farm labourer who became a knight has died in Norfolk. The story of Sir George Edwards is one of the romances of our time.

He was born in 1850 in a Norfolk village. His father never earned more than 8s a week, and when the cost of living rose after the Crimean War wages remained the same. There came a bitter day when the whole family moved into the workhouse, to remain there all the winter.

At six George went to work scaring crows at 1s a week. He never went to school, and could not read when he married at 22.

He founded the National Union of Land Workers, bicycling over 6000 miles in a year to hold meetings; and after being elected M.P. for South Norfolk in 1920 he was congratulated by the King on what he had done to improve the lot of farm labourers.

As magistrate and county councillor he served Norfolk for years. During the war he served on the Central Wages Board, and was a member of many important committees.

He was knighted at 80, but always he was the same modest man as when his young wife taught him to read. We wish she could have lived to hear him called Sir George.

SWISS COTTAGE ALADDIN

The Children's Theatre Company is again providing a pantomime for the Christmas holidays, a pantomime that we can thoroughly recommend to lucky young Londoners.

It is Aladdin this year, and he is to be found at the Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage; for the Children's Theatre has long outgrown its old premises in Endell Street.

Five thousand Australian girls have pledged themselves never to smoke.

THE TOWN OF THE UNEMPLOYED An Idea From Buenos Aires

An original idea has been put into practice by the qualified workers of Buenos Aires who found themselves in the ranks of the unemployed.

They have had the enterprise to construct a city of their own which already counts over 3000 inhabitants and contains almost a thousand dwellings of the bungalow type.

This Town of the Unemployed, as it has been named, has well-laid-out streets, its own police force, and a Town Council of six senior members. It even has its own daily newspaper. Women are not permitted to enter the town, neither are unqualified workers allowed there.

Each inhabitant has his own speciality, and it is his obligation to practise it. The products of the work are sold in the capital itself. A delegation has been formed whose duty it is to visit rich people in the Argentine capital, interest them in the scheme, and collect funds.

As a consequence of this initiative beggars have practically disappeared from the streets of Buenos Aires.

See World Map

LACE CURTAINS Burghers of Calais Save Their Town Again

A decree has gone forth that the windows of French State Schools are to be adorned with lace curtains from Calais.

This is the sequel to the story, told in the C.N. a little while ago, that Calais was being ruined by the restrictions on trade which had been imposed by the French Government.

The burghers of Calais went to see the Prime Minister in Paris, just as the burghers in 1347 offered themselves to Edward the Third in order to save their town from destruction.

The Government refused to change its policy, but it is hanging lace curtains from Calais in all its school windows.

DISCOVERY IN THE DESERT Ancient Sculptures

A recent excavation in Uzbek, a republic of the Soviet Union to the north of Afghanistan, has aroused keen speculation in Russian scientific circles.

An archaeological expedition has come upon fragments of sculptured stone cornices on the banks of the Amu Daria, and it seems that they once formed part of a massive building which, in the opinion of the members of the expedition, was raised in the first era of the Christian epoch. The great interest in this is that other architectural discoveries in the Russia of Middle Asia do not go back farther than the 9th century.

The details of the building bear unmistakable traces of Greek art. The cornices are classic and unusually heavy, each made of eight stones and weighing over a quarter of a ton. The corners are decorated with clusters of sculptured leaves, and along the centre is a frieze of 14 figures with musical instruments in their hands.

See World Map

FROM DOG MAIL TO AIR MAIL

Flying To the Arctic

Aeroplanes instead of dog sleighs are this winter, for the first time, carrying letters and parcels to the people of North-West Canada.

Previously, when winter has frozen up this territory, ice and snow made all but dog mails impossible, but now Canadian Airways have arranged to meet the mail train at Edmonton and carry on the post.

These aeroplanes will make forty trips to Fort Resolution on the Great Slave Lake, twelve to Fort Simpson on the Mackenzie River, and six to Aklavik on the Mackenzie Delta. From Edmonton to this town at the north-western tip of Canada is nearly 2000 miles, which gives some idea of what this change-over from dogs to aeroplanes must mean to the people there.

See World Map

ARE WE SNOBS ABOUT HERRINGS? A Question of the Lives of Men THE SAD PLIGHT OF OUR FISHERMEN

Are we "snobbish about herrings," as Lady Astor, M.P., declared in the House of Commons?

We fear there is some truth in the charge, for herrings, even at 6d a pound, are a very cheap, good, and delightful food.

The Secretary for Scotland has stated, for the Government, that every endeavour will be made to help the industry to organise itself at home and to persuade the Russians to buy more herrings.

Before the war Russia took nearly a million barrels of herrings a year. If she would now buy even half as much the industry would be saved. We do not know what stands in the way, save the unfortunate ill-feeling between the two countries that still lingers on. The time will come when it will be difficult to persuade students of history that such folly existed in the world in the twentieth century.

Here and now let us at least remove the reproach that we are snobs about herrings. As Lady Astor says, they are excellent with mustard sauce.

The fishermen pursue their dangerous calling and rarely engage public attention. Between sea and shore some 75,000 people are engaged in the fishing industry in all its branches. They demand our sympathy and help.

As for the herring branch, it is sad to know that the catch is now only a third of the pre-war figure, owing to the fall in foreign demand. "Lives of men," the herring stand for, as the old song reminds us; we can all help, if only a little.

Saturdays are in future to be half-rate days for telephone calls to India, a three-minute chat costing only £3.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 30 * * 1933

Galahad, 1934

FAR back in the imagination of the world is the splendid figure of a man. He may never have lived; he may be just the child of another man's mind. Yet he stands like a central glory in the great Past of the world. He comes to us in story and in poetry; his eyes look out on the world from great pictures. His name was Galahad.

Tennyson has told us the great story of the search for one of the world's lost treasures. The knights of King Arthur went out in search of the Holy Grail, the chalice from which Jesus drank at the Last Supper. Far beyond the evils of the world it lay, and sin could not come near it. Knight after knight came home without the Holy Grail, and at last one whom no temptation turned aside brought home with him the precious cup. It was Galahad: true, brave, and pure. He had gone out into the world with a single purpose; he had let nothing evil come into his life. *His strength was as the strength of ten*

Because his heart was pure.

It is the time of the making of resolutions; we are on the eve of a New Year. Shall we resolve, each one of us, to be a Galahad? If you would find the cup that never fails, if you would have the peace that all desire, be a Galahad. You may not ride through the world on a white horse to find the Holy Grail, but you may be a Galahad in the school, the street, the works, the shop, or the home.

You are looking out into the world, as Galahad did; you have something to find, as Galahad had. He sought the highest end by the noblest means. Nothing small or mean could swerve him from his path.

Whatever you do in the world there is no surer way to success than this. You may work so that all you do heaps up advantage for yourself and leaves those who help you tired, joyless, and poor. When you look back upon such a life, though in a palace, the looking-back will bring you no peace. But you may live so that all you do heaps up advantage for yourself and others; and if you work like that, though you look back in a cottage, you will have a peace that nothing in the world can take away.

Set a great purpose before you in the New Year. Follow it to the end. Let nothing mean or ignoble enter your soul. Be brave with the courage of David, be true with the truth of King Alfred, be pure with the purity of the Stainless Maid.

Let us be Galahads.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



New Year

New Year! Ah, how eager
The world is to meet her;
With promises, hopes,
We shall all go to greet her.
Be Wisdom and Strength
By her side in all danger,
Let Laughter be lighting
The face of the stranger.

New Joy! Ah, how blessed
Are they that shall hold it;
How happy are they
That in love may enfold it.
The birds of my bosom
Fly forth to greet heaven!
Their song shall be sung to me
Softly at even. Estelle Boughton

Switch Off

THERE is a crop of new books on broadcasting. The most original criticism of the programmes comes from Mr Filson Young's book. He says: *There is not enough broadcasting of Silence and Peace.*

Life was not meant to be lived to a background of noise. People should only listen to things they want to hear, and should then switch off. In fact, a man should only listen in when he means to listen.

Things That Need Not Change

Who wouldn't rather have a river than a pond?

So wrote John Galsworthy on the subject of Change. It is one of the sayings preserved in *Ex Libris*, a new volume of extracts from his works.

But although the writer saw that Change was needful he wished we could preserve certain things from Change.

We have a love for antiques, and we save works of art and old furniture. In the same way we ought to be able to preserve beauty and dignity, and the sense of service, and manners—things that have come very slowly and can be made to vanish very fast if we aren't set on preserving them somehow.

Five Times Satisfied

THIS generation does not know much about Jean de Reszke, because he was born in 1850, but those who heard him believe he was one of the greatest singers of all time. A new biography reminds us how, in his old age, the artist whom all the world had applauded said he could remember five really good performances in which he had taken part, adding, "That is fairly good for one life."

Lesser artists are perhaps more easily pleased.

The Birth of a Year

From flower to star
Let there be music:
Shout the tidings far!

From Pole to Pole
Let sight and singing
Come to every soul.

Adore! Adorn!
For, in Time's manger,
Lo, a year is born!

Egbert Sandford

Unequal To the Task

IT looks as if man has proved unequal to the task of controlling the forces that have been evoked in the last decade and a half. Sir Walter Layton

New Names For Old

A LOT of names with unpleasant associations will soon only be found in the dictionary.

Workhouse, Inmate, Reformatory, Pauper, Lunatic—they are all passing, and other and better names are taking their place.

And it is not only a change of name, it is a change of nature. Dickens would not recognise the old lunatic asylum in the new mental hospital.

Tip-Cat

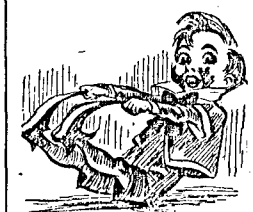
ALMOST every new house is on the telephone. How do the occupants get at it?

PEOPLE nowadays believe in sparing the rod. Not to mention the child.

TUBULAR steel makes useful furniture. But is hard to match.

AN acrobat says he never lost his balance. Must have a good salary.

WHEN I am angry I let myself go, says a well-known poet. And nobody wants to keep him.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know

If a Christmas past
is as good as a
Christmas present

Now we are off the gold standard.

A MAN has been found who can eat hay. Must have a stable appetite.

OXFORD men find it difficult to obtain good posts. Won't anybody write to them?

THE hour brings the man, we are told. Unless he can afford a taxi.

CREEPER-COVERED houses have gone out of fashion. In these days they are covered by insurance.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

EXCURSIONISTS on the L.M.S. Railway this year increased by 11 millions.

NEARLY 100 of our blinded soldiers have found work as telephone operators.

A CHRISTMAS present of over £300 was sent by the Patent Office Staff to a poverty-stricken Durham village.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not time we lost some of our mechanical inventiveness and invented Peace?

December 31, 1933

By Our Town Girl Waiting

OUTSIDE the door the New Year knocks;
His fingers are so small and cold.
I will not open yet to him,
For last year is not quite all told,
Nor made—my farewells to the Old.

OLD YEAR, when you were young
as he
Who waits outside my door
tonight,
I stood with happy hands that clasped
My friends hands. Gay with
dance and light
We were when last Old Year took flight.

AND one, since then, has flown
the seas,
Though most still walk the roads
of home;
To one delight and joy have been;
The clouds of grief have shadowed
some,
And unto one a Call has come.

OLD YEAR, who for a moment
froze
My heart with that stern news,
before
You pass into Remembering and
Become the Past for evermore,
And Young Year enters at the door,

KNOW this: Before the next
swift year
Has travelled quite its circuit
through,
I too may journey in your wake
To seek Eternity, I too
May be in Time's great heart, as
you.

THEN little will they know who
speak
Such words as say that I am
dead.
Only shall I have cast my cloak,
My ragged garment shall have
shed,
To wear the robes of God instead.

Bethlehem

HOW near the fields and trees
she must have been,
That there were byres where
cattle went for sleep.
How near the dusty, stony coun-
try paths,
And windy plains where grazed
the peaceful sheep.

BUT what is she to us? they might
have said,
The people of the world, for unto
them
Out of a million towns she was,
if known,
But little common, white-housed
Bethlehem.

AND what is she to us? our hearts
still cry:
A feast, a song, a dance, a making
gay?
Or do our souls in stillness kneel
beside
Earth's first rough bed whereon
the Saviour lay? Marjorie Wilson

IS THERE A MONSTER? THE QUEER TALES FROM LOCH NESS

Fifty People Who Think They
Have Seen a Strange Thing

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN?

After years of retirement something like the sea serpent has emerged from the obscurity of the Deep to make a reputed reappearance in Loch Ness.

Over fifty witnesses are prepared to vouch for it or have caught fugitive glimpses of it in this remote waterway of Northern Scotland. The descriptions some of them give of it tally very closely with others offered in the past by witnesses of the supposed sea serpent.

What a Schoolmaster Saw

The most detailed of them were the observations made by Mr B. A. Russell, the schoolmaster at Fort Augustus, last October. He was on a height overlooking the loch about 100 feet above the water. The day was sunny, the loch smooth, and he saw, less than half a mile away, a creature with a serpentine head and neck arched like a swan's rising five feet out of the water and turning from side to side. He saw nothing of the body but the ripples spreading off from the neck. After remaining in sight ten minutes the creature slowly sank.

A week before this two ladies, Miss Fraser and Miss Howden, believed they had seen a similar head and neck. Miss Fraser noted something like two frills where the head joined the neck.

Large Dark Humps

Other witnesses testified to a similar view of the creature, but most of those who claimed to have seen it noticed only a large dark hump or humps moving through the water with a space in between the humps.

To this aspect of it there are three other witnesses Miss Hamilton, Miss Rattray, and a sister, whose evidence affords some idea of how the creature might have come into the loch, which is a huge sheet of water 22 miles long, a mile or more in breadth, with a depth of as much as 750 feet. The Caledonian Canal runs into it at one end, and no creature larger than a salmon could enter the loch from that side. But on the other there are three weirs on the six miles of the River Ness which connects the loch with the Beaully Firth, an arm of the open sea. These weirs sometimes overflow, so that there is a continuous sheet of water from Loch Ness to the Firth, and when that occurs it would be possible for a sea creature to make its way unobserved from the sea to the enclosed water.

A Police Warning

In August the three ladies saw a line of five dark humps following a Lossie-mouth drifter going toward Inverness.

Such are the statements of the chief witnesses who have circumstantial accounts to offer. They have been carefully examined by Commander R. T. Gould, who compiled some years ago a critical account of all the reputed appearances of the sea serpent during many years. His view is that the monster stands revealed as one of the creatures popularly and incorrectly called sea serpents. The probability of the existence of something of the kind has so far impressed responsible authorities that a police warning has been issued to residents and visitors against attacking it.

There, we may say, is the evidence for it. Against that we may set the fact that although it has more than 50 witnesses nobody has photographed it. While it remains unphotographed it is always possible that what was seen was something other than it appeared to be. It may, for example, be no more than a whale. One of the directors of the Natural History Museum has pointed

A THROW-BACK TO SAVAGERY

The C.N. prints this note because it believes the outrage it describes is entirely avoidable, for it is a long time since the ear-piercing shriek of the street drill was declared to have been overcome by science.

With all our marvellous devices for the comfort of mankind there is one which, instead of being a means of advancement, is a throw-back to the times of savagery, when screaming cat-calls, metallic bangings, and loud tom-tom thumpings were man's highest expression of sound. This throw-back is the street drill, that most exasperating and abominable of street noises.

Close to a nursing home in London for weeks now, except for an occasional hour or two's respite, a street drill has been sending forth its savagery. Through it all the patients have had pains in their heads, and everybody pains in

their patience, and the nurses have gone out in vain and cried at the drillers: How much longer?

Otherwise the inhabitants of the noise-stricken houses around have been apparently (paradoxically speaking) suffering in silence this indescribable din, and nothing is done.

To another nursing home in another part of London a friend went for a rest cure, and finding the street outside her window being hacked by these monsters of machinery she left, neither rested nor cured.

No wonder we sometimes sigh for the good old pickaxe days when workers and house-dwellers went their ways undaunted, and when many more idle men could be employed in re-making a street, even if it took a little longer.

DAUGHTERS OF THE SEA



Hauling a boat up the beach—literally a good turn



Mending the nets

These pictures of Eastbourne's Sea Rangers show how the girls help the local fishermen with some of their work on the beach.

Continued from the previous column

out how easy it is to make mistakes. A so-called sea serpent which came ashore in California was found on examination to be a bottle-nosed whale. A naval officer who came in good faith to give an account of some such strange creature to the museum revealed that his impressions might easily have been mistaken.

To this sceptical view we may add what the late Sir William Flower, when director of the museum, said to us a number of years ago about a sea serpent which had appeared in the newspapers if not on the surface of the sea. He said that there was nothing impossible in a sea serpent, and that the ocean was so vast and unexplored that one might come to light. But no one had ever produced a fragment of such a creature, and in all the years that stories have been

told of it not a bone or a fin such as a zoologist could identify had ever been cast on any shore. Till such a fragment was produced he was bound to withhold his belief in it.

GIVING COMMON SENSE A CHANCE

Poland and Italy have concluded a deal by which ships are to be exchanged for coal and steel, no money passing.

The ships are to be built in Italy at the Monfalcone Works. They are to be two 20-knot liners of 18,000 tons each. Poland is to pay partly in coal and partly in the actual steel required to build the vessels.

As a result of such transactions Italy is increasingly using Polish coal instead of English.

HOPE FROM U.S.A.

IS MR ROOSEVELT JUSTIFIED?

The American Ambassador
Points Out a Few Facts

LET US WAIT AND SEE

The American Ambassador is abundantly justified in entering a strong defence of President Roosevelt's energetic recovery policy.

In America the very people who plunged their nation and the world into depression now pose as stern critics of the President, who is doing his best to repair their damages. In Europe, also, many writers decry Mr Roosevelt on scant personal knowledge of either principle or fact. We do well to seek to understand rather than to condemn without close investigation.

Facts Worth Considering

Here are some of the statements made by the American Ambassador:

4,000,000 unemployed have already been found work.

4,000,000 more unemployed will be at work within two months.

In the first nine months of 1933 General Motors earned 81,000,000 dollars profit as compared with 10,500,000 in 1932.

236 industrial companies in the first nine months of 1933 had an aggregate net income of 183,000,000 dollars as against 17,000,000 dollars in 1932.

25 railroads earned 21,000,000 dollars as against a loss of 1,400,000 dollars last year.

On November 1 the price of wheat was nearly twice as high as on March 1.

These are strong evidences of the recovery at which Roosevelt aims. He ought to be helped and not hindered, and we are glad to observe that he has not lost his smile.

Solid Achievement

Mr Harold Butler, of the International Labour Office, has been helping us to understand the new American Industrial Codes which now govern American work, and they also give us an idea of the immense solid achievement of the President so far.

These Codes really form a step toward an American guild system.

The Roosevelt Government supplied the idea, and left the framing of the Codes to the employers. Roundly, this is what they amount to:

Minimum wages are established.

Unfair practices are rooted out.

Output conditions are stabilised.

Hours of labour are fixed at 40 or less a week.

No children under 16 are to work.

Collective bargaining is recognised.

This is solid achievement, and a great testimony to the Roosevelt inspiration and driving power.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MINER'S WIFE

Cranton Colliery is the first in Lancashire to combine a canteen with baths, and has every right to be proud of its new buildings.

They are next to the lamp room, which every man must pass before and after work in the pit. Each man has separate lockers for dirty and clean clothes, and warm fumigated air passes through the lockers. There are separate washing and drinking bowls for each man, and an electric device for brushing boots.

Every pit-worker can come home bathed, refreshed, and clean as a new pin for 6d a week.

The Miners Central Welfare Committee paid £20,000 toward the cost of the baths. The Colliery Company gave land for it, built cottages for the two superintendents, and lent £1500 for the canteen. They also provide free light and power.

THE MILKY WAY

We Are Too Low on the List

It is still imperfectly understood by most people that milk is a perfect food, devised by Nature for the complete nourishment of infants.

Its value cannot be exaggerated. It is a perfectly balanced diet, a scientific compound of all we need to build or repair our bodies.

When, therefore, we know from official statistics that the consumption of milk in our country is woefully inadequate, despite the well-watered character of British soil, we feel that public opinion on the subject needs stimulation.

New York consumes 60 gallons of milk a head a year, Hamburg 48, Copenhagen 45, Berlin 24, London 22, Paris 20.

The position of Berlin, London, and Paris in this list is not good. That we should be behind even impoverished Berlin is a most uncomfortable fact.

According to Dr H. D. Kay, Director of the Dairying Research Institute, the average general consumption of milk by old and young should not be less than a pint and a quarter a day. This means that our British consumption needs to be nearly trebled.

FLOODS AND FLOODS

IN CHINA

As if foreign invasion, widespread revolts, a disunited Government, and the depredations of bandits were not enough misery for one country, China has had the added misfortune of having huge tracts of three provinces inundated by the Yellow River.

"The present disaster is unusual in its extent and gravity," writes a Consul at Tsinanfu in sending out a call for relief. Two million people have been turned out of house and home by the floods; 3000 villages have been completely wiped out.

The thought of the sufferings of these homeless Chinese in winter's harsh grip has brought forth floods of another kind: floods of sympathy and of money to help them. The need is enormous.

In addition to funds raised in Honan, Hopei, and Shantung provinces to help their own sufferers, the Chinese Government has given one and a half million Chinese dollars for relief and 300,000 dollars to prevent epidemics. The American Minister to China has been authorised by the Red Cross to spend 50,000 silver dollars to aid these unfortunate people in whatever way he finds to be of most use.

LOOKING AFTER POTATOES

The Agricultural Marketing Acts of 1931 and 1933 have now been administered to include potatoes.

In future the marketing is to be governed by a Potato Marketing Board of 33 members, elected by farmers.

The potato producers will be registered, and must sell their potatoes in accordance with the Board's determinations or be liable to heavy penalty. The Board will decide what potatoes are to be sold and at what prices.

Small potatoes, less than an inch and a half thick, are not to be sold for eating between September 1 and July 31, though this does not apply to new potatoes.

This is another step in the planning and management of British agriculture. Its effect on production and price must be carefully watched.

A ROSARY

Prebendary Carlile of the Church Army has been showing what is called his rosary.

It consists of about fifty trinkets attached to his watch-chain, all given to him by men he had visited in prison who had asked him to pray for them.

A rosary of prayer indeed

REMEMBERING

FATHER

Blind John Harris

Every December for the last twenty years Stockport has seen the issue of a pamphlet telling the story of how a man triumphed over his blindness.

It is the story of John Harris, and the pamphlet is issued each year as a memorial by his two sons.

John Harris was married and in business in Manchester when he became suddenly blind. For 13 hours he shut himself in a room and prayed to God for guidance, and when he came out of that room he had been given the courage to go on with his life, sure that there was some purpose in it.

After their little capital had vanished his wife started taking in laundry while he helped at the washtub and the mangle. Two meals each week he used to forgo that he might have a little money to send to his widowed mother.

Later Mr Harris started to sell tea from door to door, and so successful was he that in two years he was selling about £200 worth a week. Much of the money this brought in went to helping other blind people to find work.

His next activity was as a dealer in cattle. He was expert in judging the animals by running his hands over them. From strength to strength he went on, helping himself, helping others, and leaving a memory that inspires.

THE BROKEN RECORD

When Mr J. M. Scott lectured at Manchester the other day on the British Arctic Air Route Expedition he told an amusing story about Eskimo helpers.

They loved the gramophone, and above everything else they loved one particular dance tune which they played over and over till the Britons were nearly crazy.

One day a member of the Expedition lost his temper. The Eskimos had played the wretched thing just 20 times in succession when he snatched the record and broke it in half.

That was the end of it, he thought, but he reckoned without the Eskimos.

Sadly they took the halves away, as if they were going to give them burial, like a pet dog, but they brought them back mended. Only Eskimos would have thought of sewing up a gramophone record, and perhaps only Eskimos could have succeeded!

OUR FRIEND JUSSERAND

Among the latest and most charming of the new books is the Reminiscences of the late M. Jusserand, Counsellor at the French Embassy in the days of his friend Gladstone, a writer on Shakespearean England, and in after years Ambassador to America.

He loved England, "a green land of endless meadows, with clipped hedges and impressive old trees heavy with thick foliage, bubbling streams full to the brink, and here and there, in contrast with this quiet of dreamland, the noisy tumult of industrial cities."

And he loved to learn that a certain portrait had been hanging at Hatfield on the same nail for 300 years!

BABY v PIG

A delightful story has found its way to us from one of those splendid women who are sent out by the Overseas Nursing Association to every colony and dependency of the Empire.

A health visitor found a Chinese baby sucking his milk from a large black bottle through a yard of tube. She removed the apparatus, and gave in its place one of the modern bottles, which are much easier to clean and have no tubing.

The mother was not pleased. "The baby may be able to suck from the new bottle," she said, "but what will the pig do?"

THE IDLE HOST

Best Figures For Nearly Four Years

We have now nearly ten million insured workers in work. On November 20 the official count gave 9,956,000.

This is the best figure for nearly four years.

The number of the workless fell in the month by a further 19,000, reducing the total to 2,280,017.

At the end of January last, the workless numbered 2,903,000, so that there has been a fall of 623,000 in ten months.

The best of the latest fall is that it took place at the time of year when wintry conditions reduce work in some important trades. The real improvement in November was thus better than it appears.

Railways are ordering steel; iron and steel works, reopened, order ore, limestone, coal, and so on. So the hopeful story runs.

Nevertheless, let us not forget that 2,280,000 persons without work in the winter, and living on a small allowance, is not a thing to be glossed over.

A CIVIL WAR ECHO

Men who died nearly 300 years ago have just received their memorial.

On the field of the first Battle of Newbury, fought in September 1643, a new church has been built, part of the cost having been given by those whose forefathers died in the battle.

Cavaliers and Parliamentarians lie here side by side. The names of those known to have perished in the battle will be placed in the church, with the names of men from the village who died in the Great War.

It is right that the men who died for England in 1643 should have their memorial. They were brave men, living in a time when some, thinking only of safety and profit, stood aside from the struggle and trimmed their consciences to please the rulers of the moment. The heroes deserve our remembrance.

OLD JANE JONES

Mrs Jane Ellen Jones, who had been harbourmaster at Porthdinlleyn for 75 years, has died on the eve of her hundredth birthday.

She was a wonderful character. She lived in an inn 300 years old, whose front door was washed by high tide, and there at one time she kept a girl's school, teaching art needlework, music, and domestic science. Perhaps it was the only school ever kept in an inn.

The inn also served as a lighthouse, for she put lamps in the window as a guide to ships, and it is stoutly asserted in Wales that in this way Mrs Jones saved many a vessel from disaster.

EIGHTEENPENNY HATS

For many years past British traders have complained that Japanese exporters have offered for sale goods pretending to be British and in some cases falsely marked.

According to Captain Dower, M.P. for Stockport, a town which makes good hats among other things, Japan is exporting hats to South Africa at about 1s 6d each.

The hats, it is alleged, are falsely marked Stettisbury to hide their origin and to make them appear to be what they are not.

GROWTH OF ARGENTINA

A new estimate of the population of Argentina reaches us from Buenos Aires. It amounts to 12,000,000, 78 per cent Argentines and 22 per cent foreigners.

The men are in a considerable majority, outnumbering the women by 600,000. The trend to the towns is marked, for 60 per cent are urban dwellers.

THE PLANT HOSPITAL

Where Sick Plants Are Treated and Cured

A hospital has been established at Canberra, Australia's federal capital, for the treatment of plants.

The wards are large glasshouses where the plants are warmed in winter and screened from the sun in summer. One ward holds anaemic vegetables, and here a huge electric lamp burns through the night, so that plants which cannot feed in the dark can make use of the extra light to obtain more food, and so restore their former vitality.

In another ward rows and rows of glass tubes, three inches in diameter and three feet long, are stacked on shelves. Each tube contains a plant of diseased grass. As the diseases are infectious each plant is growing in sterilised jelly in sterilised air, and is protected from any contact with the outside air by a plug of cotton-wool. The progress of the disease can be watched through the glass tubes and remedies tested.

In still another ward cereals are grown in beds which are equipped with a complicated warming system, which allows the ground temperature to be adjusted as required and enables the effects of warmth on disease to be studied.

We have, of course, the same sort of hospitals in this country, and their work has proved invaluable to farmers and horticulturists.

IN NEED OF CARE

Probably the first case under the Children and Young Persons Act of 1933, concerning children in need of care and attention, was heard at a Juvenile Court on December 13.

Five Harrow children aged 5 to 14 had been found uncared for in a flat, the mother having disappeared and the father being in prison. The children were sent by the court to Middlesex Council homes. A sad story, which goes to show how much the Act was needed.

A BACHELOR ON SMALL FAMILIES

Chancellor Hitler, a bachelor, is so alarmed by the fall in the size of German families that he declares that his country must aim at "four children in each family."

As things are, Berlin and a number of other big German towns are actually falling in population, the death-rate exceeding the birth-rate.

Drastic reforms of taxation are to encourage big families, and a man with three children is to pay a third the amount of tax collected from a childless man.

HE WROTE THE BIBLE FOR THE BLIND

The man has died at 80 who stamped by hand every letter of the first Braille Bible.

John Andrew Ford was 17, just starting work as a compositor in a printing works, when he went blind. He went to the National Institute for the Blind with just the knowledge they needed, and was at once set to work on stamping the metal sheets for the Braille Bible.

A NAME BLESSED IN EGYPT

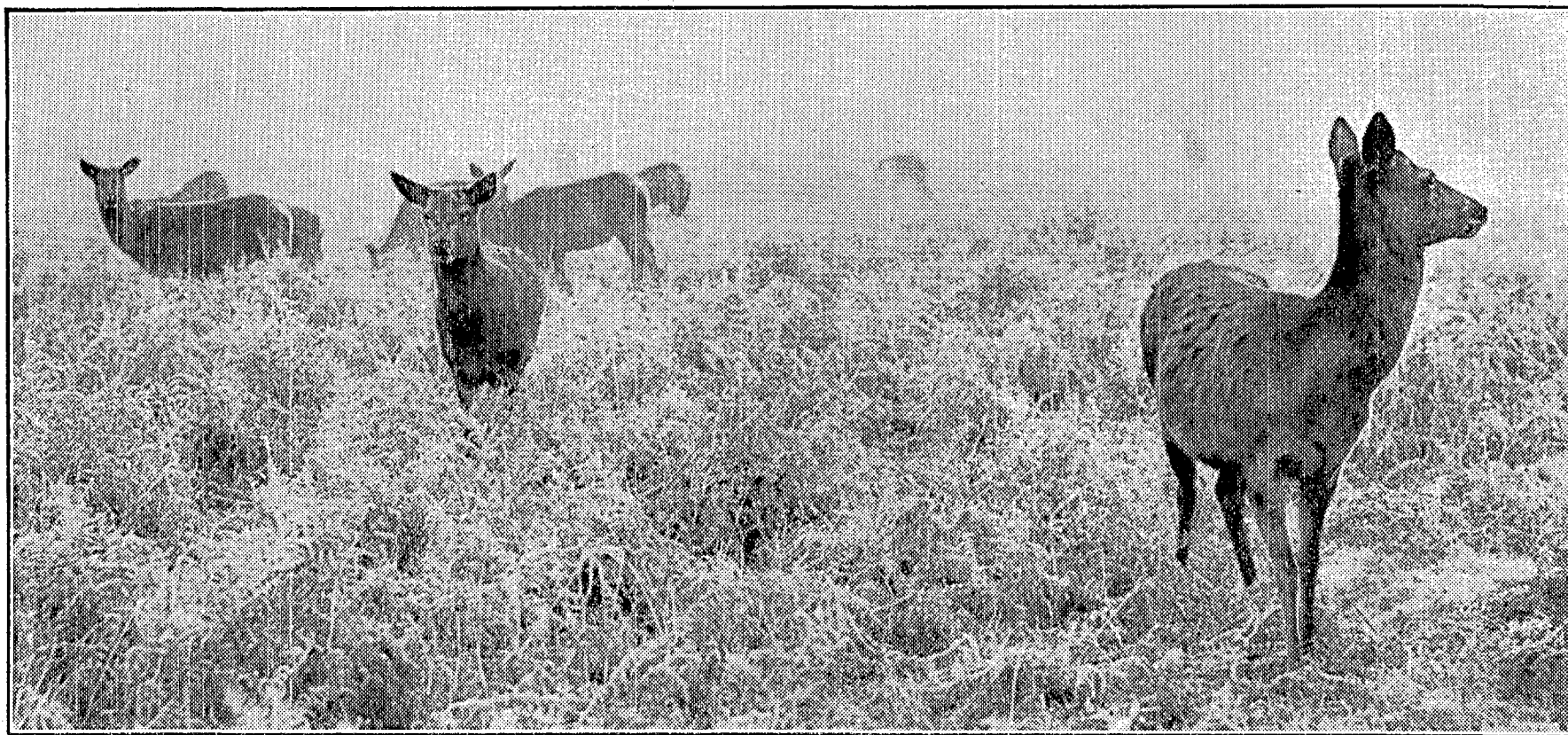
A motor accident has ended at 88 a life that has been invaluable to Egypt.

M. Jean Sakellarides was a Greek, but his name is blessed by Egyptian agriculturists, for he discovered in 1906 the particular long-fibred cotton to which his name is given, and which is one of Egypt's sources of wealth.

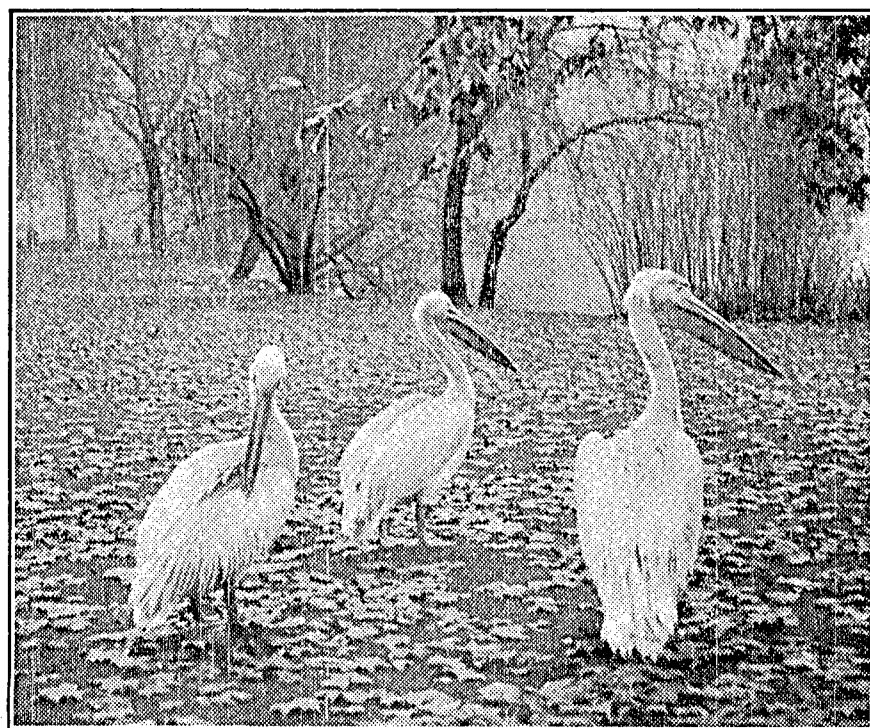
FLYING FISH

Flying fish are a common sight in the Tropics, but we hear that 30,000 trout fry have successfully flown 30 miles from one Canadian lake to another—in an aeroplane!

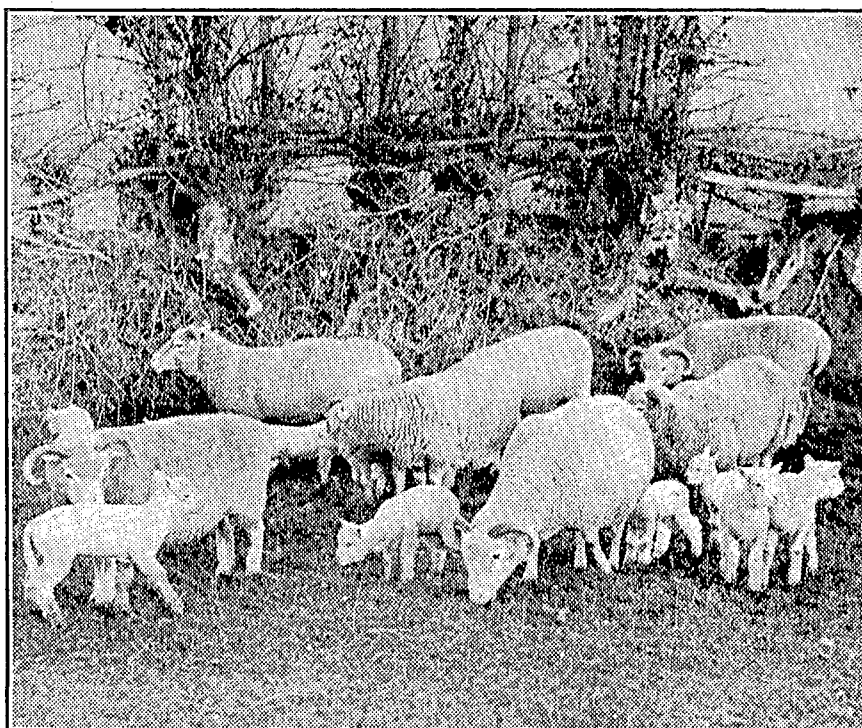
A PAGE OF PICTURES FROM PARK, FARM, ZOO, AND AQUARIUM



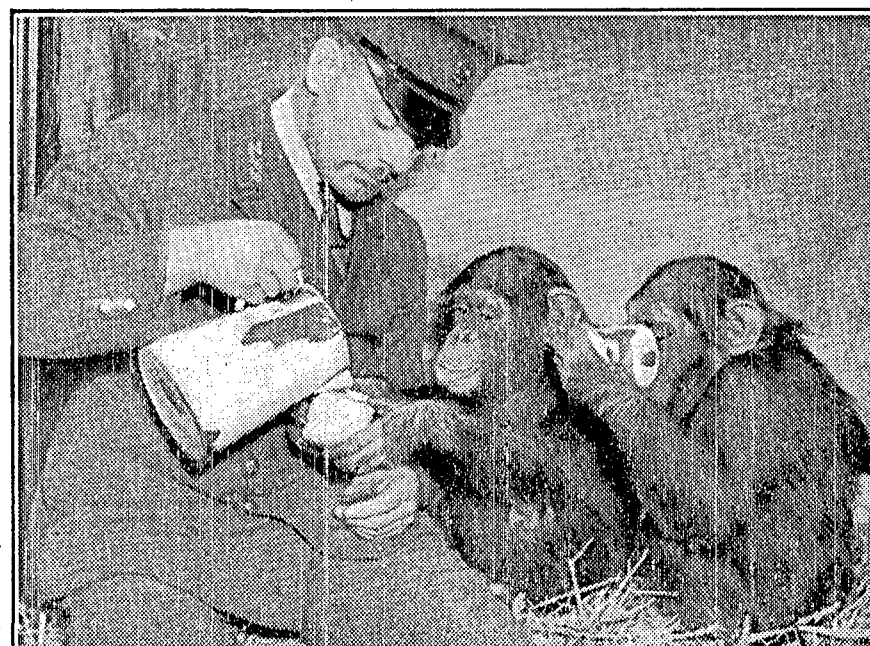
A Frosty Morning—Deer among the bracken in Richmond Park



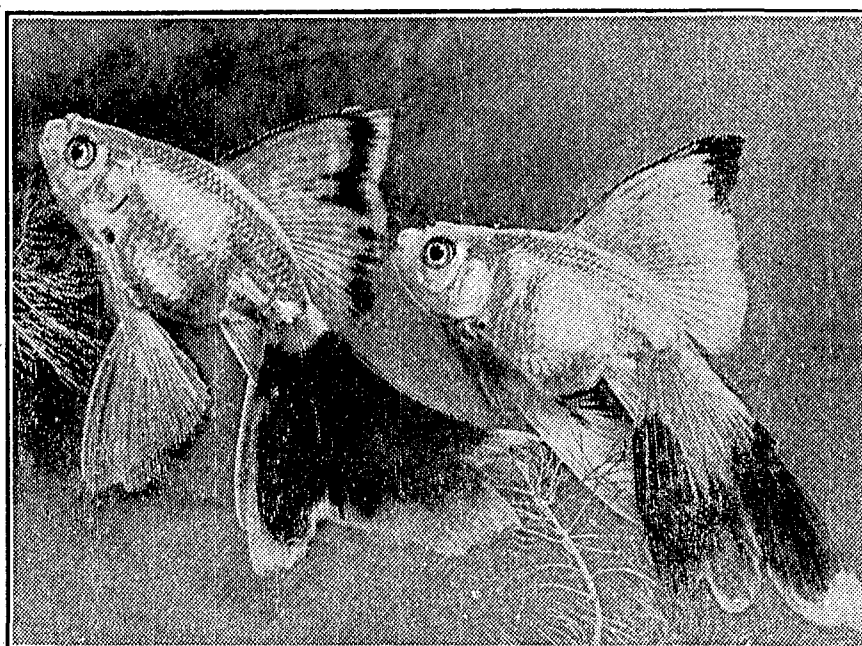
Famous Londoners—Three of the pelicans in St James's Park



December Lambs—Happy families on a farm at Barnstaple



Keeping Warm at the Zoo—Peter and Ivy Chimpanzee take hot cocoa every morning



Fish Like Birds—A variety of gold-and-silver fish bred in an aquarium

TINTAGEL'S TRIBUTE TO KING ARTHUR

NOBLE PICTURES AND GLOWING WINDOWS

The Splendid New Gallery of
the Table Round

WILLIAM HATHERELL'S LAST WORK

We have been down to Tintagel and have been delighted to find in its unlovely village street a lovely Hall set up in the name of King Arthur.

It is the home of the Order of the Fellowship of King Arthur founded a few years ago at Tintagel and now having thousands of members pledged to the ideals of the Round Table.

King Arthur's Hall would be a unique possession for any village and is entirely worthy of its high purpose. It is a shrine of dreams and beauty and of rare craftsmanship.

No Doors

It is built of Cornish stones of many colours, and it has no doors, a corridor running round it. The corridor has 49 stained windows enriched with heraldry of the knights.

The hall itself has 24 stained windows, 18 side ones and six great ones at the ends, all set high in the walls and well seen. The whole of these 73 glowing windows are the work of a lady who put into them much more than a remarkable industry, for they glow with a fine feeling. They are by Miss Whall, whose father's work we have come upon in many churches, always with delight.

The windows are all symbolical of the lives and virtues of the Knights of King Arthur. The 18 side windows show the virtues: Love represented by a heart of charity, Faith by a Cross, Purity by lilies, Truth by a flaming torch, Strength by an anvil, and Mercy by a blunted sword.

Six Big Windows

The six big windows are magnificent. One shows Merlin sitting on a rock like Wisdom, with Good and Evil on each side, Good represented by the Lady of the Lake who inspired Arthur and gave him his sword; Evil represented by the mother of Modred, who grew up to destroy the Table Round. On the left of this centre window Arthur is pulling out the sword from the anvil, the incident which marked his being chosen as King, and on the right is the beginning of the quest for the Holy Grail.

At the other end of the hall the centre window shows the Grail descending on Galahad, clothed in full spiritual armour, with Sir Percival standing near in adoration of the perfect knight. On the left are other knights, and on the right is the founding of the Table Round. The hall is lit by torches on oak shafts.

The Thrones

The thrones of Arthur and Guinevere are approached by a flight of steps and crowned with a canopy formed from an enormous block of granite on nine piers made of different varieties of porphyry and granite. On the top of this block is an immense stone found on the moors, which has been left as it was found with the lichen creeping over it. On it are placed an anvil and a sword.

In front of the thrones, in a smaller hall, is a round table of solid oak, and on the walls are banners and shields with the arms of the knights.

The great possession of this fine place is its gallery of pictures by William Hatherell, a rare and beautiful artist with a delicate touch and a pure joy of work in all he did. His pictures will make the hall a place of pilgrimage. They are noble companions for the noble windows, dignified in conception and splendid in execution, and it is pathetic to think that this impressive collection

THE PEACE OFFICE

WHAT IS WANTED IN WHITEHALL

Driving Fear Out of the World

By Disarmament

FRIENDLINESS OF PEOPLES

For years the C.N. has maintained that our War Office should change its name (as we hope and believe it has already changed its nature).

It is an anachronism, a relic of the bad old days. What we want is a Peace Office. We want a Ministry to interest itself in the keeping of Peace, not concentrating on providing the machinery of war. We can do without a War Office now that we have declared that war is a crime.

A pamphlet issued in the World Commonwealth Series by Richard Clay and Sons, of Blackfriars House, London, E.C.4, on behalf of various peace workers, puts the case very clearly.

Governments and Peace

World Order Without Arms is the title of the pamphlet, which builds its argument on the fact that the vast majority of people are friendly if only their Governments will allow them to remain so. Fraternising between British and German troops during the war was something the authorities had great difficulty in keeping down, just as the war-spirit had to be kept up among the civilians by tales of enemy atrocities.

People did not want to fight; they wanted to be friendly. And if that was the case twenty years ago how much more is it the case now!

How can we as a nation prove our friendliness? This pamphlet gives the answer: We can disarm, and can establish a Peace Office. The safest nation is that which creates no fear in others, says this pamphlet.

Such measures would, of course, involve a change in such military areas as Malta and Gibraltar, which the pamphlet suggests should become Free Cities under the League.

International Law

Another point dealt with is the need for the League of Nations to embody international law, international law courts, and the means for enforcing the law in the form of a police service. If the nations agree to disarm and to hand over to such a body the keeping of the peace, then there is no reason for the international police to be armed any more than it is thought necessary for English police to go about with swords and revolvers.

We agree with the writer of the pamphlet that two things should precede or run concurrently with disarmament, and they are the revision of treaties and a fixing of boundaries by the votes of the people concerned.

Continued from the previous column

is the last work his genius gave to the world.

The ten pictures show, of course, the chief events in Arthur's life. We see him as a babe being handed to Merlin from the gate of Tintagel Castle. We see him being offered the sword Excalibur by the Lady of the Lake. We see the Knighting of Sir Galahad and his entrance to the Table Round. We see Sir Lancelot refused the sight of the Holy Grail, and Sir Galahad beholding the vision. We see the rescue of Guinevere from the fire by Lancelot, and the return of both to the King; and in the end is the battle between King Arthur and Sir Modred in which he strikes Sir Modred down before he passes to the Vale of Avalon.

There may or may not have been a King Arthur. He may or may not have been to Tintagel. We may think what we will; but here he is before us, his spirit and his great achievements, his Knights and their Table Round, and the beauty of it all is not to be denied.

THE BAFFLED BEE

By Our Town Girl

The bee could see the trees and the skies, the flowers and all the little familiar paths which her wings had taken her along through the air, low by flower-beds and high by the rooftops.

They were there before her just as they had always been; the colours lured her, the scents called to her, but a mystifying thing was happening. Each time she flew toward her world of Every-day she was thwarted by some invisible barrier.

This barrier was not like a cloud or the early morning white wall of dew which, though it looked impenetrable, you could fly through, but something that didn't appear to exist, and yet was hard and resisting; an invisibility which your feet could walk upon and against which you could thrust your head.

Here indeed was an enigma unmet before; one of life's insoluble mysteries, this defeat of innocent ambition by an unknown force.

For hours the bee struggled and strove against her difficulty, but in vain.

Then a small boy came into the room, walked to the window, and looked out at the garden.

Close to his head a brown worker bee buzzed against the pane. But the boy was eager to go out and play, and the bee hardly held his attention for more than a moment before he ran off.

"There is no help for me," buzzed the bee, "against this obstacle."

Then a man, the master of the house, came through the door and also went to the window.

"Hullo, old bee!" he said. "Would you like to get outside again?"

The bee buzzed blindly, now trying to escape from a new terror. A great white thing was enveloping and smothering her. Then suddenly her wings were away on a path of sunshine, and before her a bed of delphiniums were blue like flowers of sky.

"Who has released me?" she asked. "What was the unknown power that realised my trouble and pitied my captivity?"

But the other workers were too busy to answer her grateful heart, and the drones too sleepy. Only great wings of beauty swept across the garden world as the master stepped out on to the grass and saw again how lovely it all was.

BACK TO PRE-WAR

A Penny a Mile on the Railways

The Summer Tickets giving return railway fares at a penny a mile have so successfully drawn passengers back to the railways that the companies have decided to issue them all next year.

This means that the pre-war fare of a penny a mile has been restored.

It is to be feared that, but for road competition, we should have waited much longer.

Mr Gladstone was forced to declare, three generations ago, that the companies would never be likely to try the experiment of the greatest possible cheapness, but Parliament intervened and compelled the railways to carry us for a penny a mile.

For many weeks past the railway revenue has exceeded last year's by over £100,000 a week, partly from more goods and partly from more passengers. This is excellent for us all.

THE PARLOURMAID'S HORSE

Especially sad is one of the latest road accidents concerning a horse.

It was bought by a parlourmaid two years ago, and stabled at an inn. When her off-duty time came she would ride the horse on Hampstead Heath.

The other evening a car going in the same direction touched the horse in passing. It fell and broke its neck. The rider was taken to hospital suffering from injuries to her back.

SEEING THE UNSEEN

PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE HUMAN VOICE

New Light on the Mystery
of Sound

THE AUDIOMETER

We probably all know that sound has shape, but when we were small we should have thought such a thing incredible.

A friend of the C.N. has been recalling an experience she had when she was a child and sends us these notes.

At a tea-party (she says) her host produced a metal disc on legs, rather like a big doll's house table. This he scattered with fine sand. Then he drew a violin bow down one of the sides of the sanded disc, making a discord.

Immediately the little sandy atoms obeyed some strange but urgent law. They formed into patterns, and, though not symmetrical ones, somehow or other they did their best. Then the man again drew his bow, this time producing a perfect tone, and at once the tiny obedient specks formed into perfect squares and diamonds.

Melba's Voice in a Picture

We have never heard Melba sing, but we know that her voice had a beautiful visible form, for we were once shown a photograph of a song of hers. It was merely a picture of waves of two or three lengths, but all in perfect harmony; nothing very remarkable, really, until we saw the pictures of other voices singing, for these, instead of following a law, did exactly what they liked. Their waves went hopping and jumping into all kinds of lengths.

Now the man who took the photograph of Melba's voice still lives in London, and still at times takes pictures of sound. He tests the noises of cars, and of buildings which have too much echo; and not long ago he was sent for to photograph a ghost sound. After eerie nights of watching and waiting he captured the sound somewhere up in the caves, and the ghost was no more: as soon, that is, as his instructions as to what should be done had been carried out.

Mirror and Spot Light

This, we are told, is the kind of instrument or camera he uses. It is called an audiometer, and is worked by clockwork. Its construction is like that of a gramophone, a large wooden box, perfectly light-proof, and contains a deep-sided revolving drum, to which a strip of sensitised film may be fixed. Mounted in the audiometer is a lamp with a very bright spot light. This spot light is directed on to a tiny mirror, mounted on a diaphragm, many times thinner than a soap-bubble. The mirror is, in turn, directed through a slit-like opening on to the film.

Leading from the diaphragm to the outer air is a cone made of non-resonant material, such as cardboard, bound with insulating tape.

What the Film Shows

Now if the drum is caused to revolve, the light switched on, and there is no sound to disturb the diaphragm, the resulting image which the mirror has reflected on to the strip of film would be almost a straight line—not quite straight, because, however little sound there is, the diaphragm is so sensitive that it picks up the minutest vibrations which are not audible to the human ear. But if a sound, such as the human voice, is directed on to the diaphragm the mirror to which it is attached is caused to oscillate, so that the resulting photograph shows a series of waves. The pitch and exact character of the sound are clearly shown on the film.

If several sounds are present, such as the passing of a train, the shrill horn of a motor-car, or the shout of a man, it is possible for an expert to separate each sound on the film and determine its volume, pitch, or any other characteristics which are peculiar to each individual sound.

ANCIENT SHEPHERD OF THE SKY

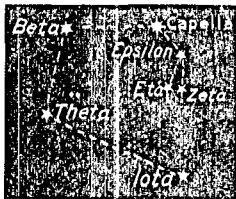
Star 100 Million Times Farther Off Than Our Sun

GIANTS OF AURIGA

By the C.N. Astronomer

The constellation of Auriga covers a large area of the overhead sky in the late evening during the winter and contains, in addition to its chief star Capella (described in the C.N. last week), many other celestial marvels.

Auriga, now known as the Charioteer, was in Chaldean times the Shepherd who, with the goat Capella in his left arm, was apparently shielding her from the advancing Lion, represented by the constellation of Leo. This in very ancient maps or planispheres is shown springing toward the Shepherd and his Goat. Nowadays another animal constellation, the Lynx, is represented between Leo and Auriga. This faint constellation did not appear until



The chief stars of Auriga as seen facing South

1690, having been added to a region devoid of bright stars by Hevelius, and therefore has no bearing on the traditions of 5000 years ago.

In addition to carrying the Goat Auriga carries two kids. These are represented by the triangle of stars below Capella. These are all suns very much larger than ours but at great distances, Eta being some 14,750,000 times farther away, its light taking 233 years to reach us. Zeta is much more remote, and about 76 million times farther than our Sun, which makes us realise that Zeta must be a giant sun indeed, for ours would be quite invisible to the naked eye at a tenth of this distance.

Epsilon is a still more gigantic sun whose light varies irregularly between three and four and a half magnitude, showing that this colossal sphere of fire-mist is subject to terrific outbursts, or pulsations, of light and heat. But as Epsilon is, as far as can be ascertained, over 100 million times farther off than our Sun, it matters very little; moreover, Epsilon's light, telling us of these outbursts, has been over 1600 years getting here, so when the next outburst is observed we shall know that it occurred when the Romans occupied Britain!

The Two Suns of Beta

Iota, the bright third-magnitude star below those of the kids, is much nearer, being about 11,500,000 times farther than our Sun, its light taking 181 years to reach us. Theta, a still brighter third-magnitude star, is composed of two suns, the smaller one of seven and a half magnitude, and appearing very close to the other, though it may be only in the line of sight. The larger sun is 204 light-years distant, or nearly 13 million times farther than our Sun.

Of very great interest is Beta, also known as Menkalinan, the bright second-magnitude star to the east of Capella; for it also is composed of two suns, of almost equal size and nearly three times the diameter of our Sun. These revolve round a centre of gravity between them, at a distance apart averaging only 7,700,000 miles and at a terrific speed, taking them just under four days to complete a revolution of between 25 and 26 million miles.

The tidal effect of one upon the other must be immense. In revolving they alternately pass one in front of the other, as seen from the Earth, producing when this occurs a slight diminution of the combined light from the star which takes about 96 years to get here and inform us of the event.

Incidentally, our world will be at its nearest to the Sun on Tuesday next, January 2, when it will be only 91,340,000 miles away.

G. F. M.

WHY DO THINGS HAPPEN?

We have received hundreds of questions which children would like to have answered. They have come from schools in all parts of the country. Here is another group of answers.

Why Does a Dog Bury His Bone?

If you watch your dog when he is eating his daily meal you will notice that he eats it as quickly as possible, hardly stopping to chew it at all, particularly if it is soft meat, and looking round anxiously from time to time.

This is a relic of the far-off days when he was a wild animal, liable to be attacked at any moment or have the uncaten part of his food snatched from him. Probably, then, if there was more meat than he could manage at once he would, like the squirrel, store it away by burying it in the ground. Experience would also teach him that very fresh meat would be tough and not so easy to eat quickly as meat that had been kept for a while to soften and to separate flesh from sinew and cartilage from bone. No animal seems to mind if his meat is rather high.

Why Do Moths Fly Round a Light?

The chief difference between moths and butterflies is that butterflies are active in the sunshine while most moths fly in the twilight or darkness.

It is thought that in the dim light of evening and night they can see light-coloured flowers, and as they depend on flower nectar for food they fly toward anything light. Presumably, therefore, when they fly round a light, whether it is a candle flame or an electric globe in the house, they are trying to get into it as if it were a flower. It is known that certain flowers which do not desire the visits of bees and other day insects give out perfume at night or open their petals when the moths are flying. Flowers that are open at night are white or very pale in colour, and so can be seen in the dim light.

Why Do Evergreens Keep Their Leaves and Other Trees Lose Them?

All trees lose their leaves at some time. The difference is that evergreens (trees and shrubs) always have some green leaves on them while the others lose all their leaves at once and develop a fresh set in the spring.

In warmer climates than ours the trees are supplied with moisture and warmth all the year round and most of them, therefore, are evergreens. Here only those trees which have thick leathery leaves can stand our frosts and cold winds and they are evergreen. The others, which have thin, succulent leaves, prepare for winter by passing certain nutrient substances back from the leaf into the branches and trunk, and forming a thin layer of corky tissue at the base of each leaf, so that with a puff of wind or a sharp frost the leaf falls off and the wound it would otherwise leave is sealed over.

In some evergreens the leaves only have a year's life; the holly and ivy have about two, while a leaf of the fir may last seven years.

What Makes the Waves in the Sea?

The principal agent that stirs the waters of the sea, away from the land, is the wind. On very fine, still days we say the sea is as smooth as glass, because not even a small breeze ruffles it.

If we blow hard on the surface of water in a saucer we first make ripples and then little waves until, if we blow too hard, the water is blown right out of the saucer. When the wind gets up over the sea the same thing happens on a much larger scale until, when the wind blows a gale, or a hurricane, the waves become so large and violent that they go right over the biggest ships. That, perhaps combined with rain and thunder, is a storm at sea. But in principle it is just the same as our breath over the saucer of water.

At the edge of the sea small waves are seen even on still days. These are due to the flowing in or out of the tides, which is the subject of a separate question.

A ZOO TRAGEDY

Sad News For Admirers of Jenny

THE TWINS AND THEIR NURSE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has had a sad domestic tragedy. A well-known favourite, a nilgai antelope called Jenny, died soon after she had become the mother of twins.

As the weather was cold and the baby antelopes looked weak and unhappy it seemed only too possible that they, too, would die; but they were at once sent to the Zoo's hospital, where they were placed in warm surroundings and a keeper was appointed as nurse.

His only duty was to feed the orphans every two hours on special milk offered to them from a large feeding-bottle and to make sure that they were warm and comfortable; and at the time of writing he seems to be rearing the baby antelopes with great success.

Lively and Playful

They still need constant personal attention, but they are thriving, and are so lively that they playfully butt their nurse with their little heads if they think he is late with a meal. The fact that they are twins has, of course, been a great help, for they keep one another warm and provide one another with the companionship that is so necessary in a Zoo nursery, especially when the babies are motherless.

The dead mother nilgai was born in the menagerie, in 1922, and she had built up quite a reputation for herself as a Zoo pet.

She was so tame and confiding that anyone could go into her home and feed her by hand and stroke her soft nose; and not even the responsibilities of motherhood could make Jenny suspicious of her visitors.

When she was tending babies she made herself still more attractive by encouraging her precious charges to come forward with her to make friends with their human admirers. Every year for the last nine years she had presented the Zoo with twin baby antelopes, and her little orphans have lost a good mother.

WHO WAS MARTIN LUTHER?

Born Eisleben, Saxony, November 10, 1483.
Died Eisleben, February 18, 1546.

His father was a working-man, who gave him a university education and greatly regretted his entering a monastery. It was here, however, that the reformer was enabled closely to apply himself to the study of the Scriptures and to develop his powers as an orator.

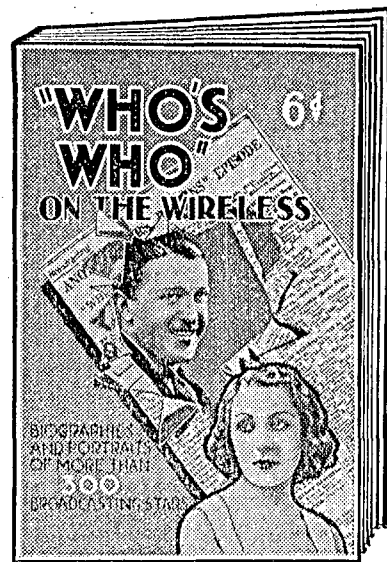
His first sign of disagreement with the Church of Rome was brought about by the sale of indulgences. Luther nailed on to the church door of Wittenberg a denunciation of this traffic and of the Pope's title to forgive sins. The Pope summoned him to Rome. Luther refused to obey the summons. His works were ordered to be burned, and the Pope excommunicated him.

Luther retaliated by burning the Papal Bull containing the sentence upon him. The reformer published his famous Address to the Christian Nobles of Germany, following it up with his treatise on the Babylonish Captivity of the Church.

Matters had now assumed so serious an aspect that Charles the Fifth summoned him to attend the Diet of Worms, where, in spite of a powerful defence of his doctrines, he was proscribed. After this he was for some time in hiding, and turned the period to account by translating the New Testament into German. The Old Testament was afterwards similarly treated.

His writings had immense influence, and their author stands out a great, magnificent figure, initiator of a mighty struggle that is still in progress.

Meet Your Favourite RADIO STARS



ONE of the curious things about radio is that it puts you on friendly terms, as it were, with a host of clever folk whom you have never seen—whom you possibly never will see.

You have listened to their voices so very often that you cannot but feel that you know them well. And yet—what are they like? You must often have wondered.

No need to wonder any longer. Here they are—over three hundred of them—assembled to meet you in the pages of WHO'S WHO ON THE WIRELESS. Dance Band Leaders, Comedians, Singers, Entertainers, Critics, Commentators—the whole team are lined up to say "How do!" Now you can see how near you got with those mental pictures you formed to fit the voices that came over the air. Here are

OVER 300 BIOGRAPHIES and Numerous Portraits of Famous Broadcasting Stars

This is a book which contains the stories of a host of your old friends. It's a book to dip into when you've switched on the radio—a book to keep because it will be always topical—always attractive. Don't miss it.

WHO'S WHO ON THE WIRELESS

At all Newsagents - - 6d.

WHITE AND BLACK

Native Brains of Kenya REMARKABLE CONTRAST WITH THE WHITE MAN'S

Some deeply interesting studies of the capacity of the native brains of Kenya have been made by Dr H. L. Gordon, the Visiting Physician of the Mental Hospital at Nairobi.

They go to confirm the belief that the inherent quality of the African brain is very inferior to that of the European. It is a subject of profound and increasing importance, for Europeans have now taken charge of nearly the whole of the Dark Continent, and great is their responsibility.

Kenya Colony has a population of some three million natives, plus some 12,500 whites and 40,000 other non-natives. The natives chiefly consist of Masai, Somali, and Galla tribes. They are fine fellows and redoubtable warriors.

Dr Gordon has examined the heads of 3444 unselected natives, and finds their average adult brain to measure 1316 cubic centimetres, as compared with the European's 1481 cubic centimetres.

From Youth To Manhood

The native brain growth ends where that of the European begins. From the ages 10 to 20 the European brain grows 17 cubic centimetres, whereas the Kenya native brain grows by only 8.

It has been before observed that, as youth merges into manhood, the Negro brain ceases to develop, whereas that of the European grows rapidly.

It is also found that the grey matter of the native brain is by 15 per cent smaller than in the European. All this leads Dr Gordon to ask:

Are the members of an uncivilised race to be judged by the standards of a white civilisation, or by standards of their own race found for them by the whites?

Certainly it appears that if native brain deficiency is inherent, if native capacity has naturally defined limitations, the government of natives must have regard to such an important, essential, and unalterable fact. The White Man's Burden has been assumed, and it must be borne with the intelligence which is ours.

10,000 LOST CHILDREN

Wrong Sort of Speed Limit

NO RUSH TO REDUCE ROAD DEATHS

The reform of motoring law is not to be "rushed," we are told.

The word is not ours, but that of the representative of the Ministry of Transport in the House of Lords. In short, there is to be a speed limit to new motor legislation.

Yet, as Lord Buckmaster said in the speech which led to the "no rush" declaration, there is every occasion for legislative speed.

Last year the police made no fewer than 291,000 charges against motorists, of whom there are 2,000,000. Yet, as we all know, not one offender in three is charged, for we have not police enough to protect the public; and the truth is that when they are charged with serious offences they are often not convicted or the case is too lightly dealt with.

In the last 15 years the number of people killed on our roads was 75,000, while 2,000,000 were injured. This is not accident; it is criminal carelessness.

In the last ten years 10,000 children have been killed by motors.

Let the Government remove the speed limit on legislation and give us a speed limit for cars.

Lord Ponsonby has revived the suggestion that all motor-cars criminally involved in deaths should be impounded by the police on the spot. An ancient common-sense custom, it would do much to deter the wrongdoer.

THE HUMMING-BIRD

MAN

George Loddiges and His Collection

It takes all sorts to make a world.

What George Loddiges, a botanist and natural history enthusiast of the last century, did not know about humming-birds was hardly worth knowing.

South Kensington has lately acquired his wonderful collection of more than a thousand humming-birds belonging to 200 species, together with his valuable notes on humming-birds that he had seen in various museums in Europe. This is all to the good, for the preservation of such collections means that there will be less demand for specimens and thus more living birds will be spared.

Some of the specimens have been rarely seen by Europeans, and among them is a beautiful example of Flores's Flamebearer, which is only known by the specimen here.

Loddiges belonged to a famous Hackney firm which imported and cultivated many rare tropical plants in fashion in Early Victorian times. It is said that in the Forties nearly 2000 varieties of orchid and 280 kinds of palms were to be seen in the firm's hothouses.

Flowers were as great a passion with Loddiges as humming-birds, and with his brother he published Loddiges's Botanical Cabinet, illustrated with 2000 plates, most of which he drew himself from plants in his hothouses. His name will not be forgotten, for two humming-birds are called after him.

200 MILES FOR A CHRISTMAS GREETING

The Wireless Brings Cheer in Alaska

"Here's a Christmas message for James P. Haskins, Coldfoot, Alaska, from his wife at Newark, New Jersey," said a voice from the wireless, and then followed good wishes and the latest news of Ruth's baby boy and of John's success at school.

The message and others like it came from a broadcasting station at Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, over 3000 miles from Alaska. It was one o'clock on Christmas morning in the studio, but only a little past nine on Christmas Eve in Alaska, where men wrapped in heavy fur coats and hoods had tramped as many as 200 miles behind their dog sleighs to reach towns, having receiving sets powerful enough to pick up the Christmas greetings.

Because broadcasting officials pitied these scattered men, whose Christmas parcels and letters would often not get through the snow to them, they started these greetings three years ago, and they have made all the difference to Christmas in Alaska.

Happy with these messages from home, miners, fish-buyers, and fur-traders sit down to a Christmas dinner of roast moose and stuffed ptarmigan, hunted and prepared by themselves, while for decorations mountain-ash berries take the place of the unobtainable holly.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA'S BIRTHDAY

To celebrate the fifteenth birthday of the Czecho-Slovakian Republic, President Masaryk, who last March celebrated his eighty-third birthday, rode through the streets of Prague to take the salute as Chief of the Army. He learned to ride when he was 66.

THE UNEMPLOYED MAN

Fourteen times has Edward Alexander, an unemployed Edinburgh man, entered the hospital to save someone's life with his blood. The hospital authorities reckon that he has given two gallons in all.

Here is yet another of the many unemployed who continue to prove their value to their country.

GOING TO THE DOGS

A Judge on a Great Evil CONTROL OR ABOLITION?

The evidence in a Yorkshire greyhound case so shocked Mr Justice Swift that he was moved to say that, "if there are more unlicensed dog racing courses conducted like this one appears to have been, it is high time the police intervened and they were prohibited."

The track in question was unlicensed, and we are assured by interested persons that the licensed tracks are free from abuses.

Those abuses, admitted by supporters of dog racing to be common on unlicensed courses, include such tricks as:

Substituting one dog for another to deceive backers.

Dyeing dogs to conceal their identity.

Drugging dogs to make them spurt.

Overfeeding dogs to make them lose.

The Ruin of Thousands

The statement that such tricks are quite unknown on licensed tracks is difficult to accept. Are we to suppose that the many tricksters who are declared to frequent unlicensed race courses never visit licensed ones?

The supporters of dog racing demand national control. We suggest national abolition, for two reasons.

The first is that the alleged sport of dog racing is bad for human beings, and already has caused the ruin of thousands, hard-earned wages and salaries being transferred to bookmakers and racecourse proprietors.

The second is that dogs should not be made the instruments of a game which is essentially childish and stupid: the pursuit of an imitation hare, carried on solely to increase the facilities for betting.

THE TWO TRAVELLERS

Little Paul's Big Journey

An Australian baby has recently travelled 1800 miles by a kind of relay race; only instead of handing on a torch or a flag those who took part in it handed on the baby.

Little Paul Fitini was only 18 months when, his mother having died, it was decided to send him from Queensland to South Australia. But who was to take him? In the end he was passed on by one stranger to the next till from Innisfail he reached Brisbane, from Brisbane he went to Sydney, from Sydney to Melbourne, and then to Adelaide.

At each stage of this long and bewildering journey Paul was put in charge of a woman traveller, and at each stopping-place he was cared for by the Traveller's Aid Society. He is such a good little fellow that there was never any difficulty in finding a guardian for him, and Paul Fitini has more friends than most babies his age.

Walter Boulter's journey was perhaps not quite so venturesome, but then he was six months younger. He lately sailed alone in a White Star Liner from England to New York in charge of the stewardess. He finds his new home probably even more exciting than Paul Fitini does, for he has been adopted by his uncle and aunt who live in the lighthouse on Fire Island.

WONDERFUL WATCHDOG

A Miracle on a Desk

Something novel in the way of a recording instrument has just been installed in the office of the head of one of our biggest electrical manufactories.

It is a neat box on his desk which tells every ten minutes throughout the day the exact number of articles that have been made in every department of the factory. The articles are counted by photo-electric cells as they pass along the bench, and cyclometers which they operate tell on dials the exact output.

TOO MUCH EMPIRE

FOOD ?

Sevenpenny Butter

BRITISH FARMERS AND IMPERIAL BEEF

The Milk Marketing Board is voicing the growing complaints of British farmers concerning the importation of enormous quantities of Australian and New Zealand butter.

Complaint is made that Empire butter is coming in at only 7d a pound, at which price British butter cannot be produced.

We do not know what becomes of this sevenpenny butter, for Empire butter sells in the shops for 11d to 1s 1d a pound. The margin seems big if the sevenpence is true.

In any case we hope our poor people will not be robbed of cheap butter, and so driven to eat more margarine. Margarine is deficient in the essential vitamins contained in butter.

As with butter, so with meat. The Council of Agriculture has called on the Minister of Agriculture to cut down importations of Empire meat, the Council's spokesman declaring that "unregulated Empire imports could be just as dangerous as unregulated foreign imports."

HOPE FOR PEDESTRIANS

A House of Lords Idea

The House of Lords is to be congratulated on defending our right to walk on our own roads.

As things are, a pedestrian cannot obtain damages from a motorist unless he can prove negligence on the part of the motorist.

Lord Danesfort has introduced a Road Traffic Bill to put the onus on the motorist, compelling him to pay compensation for death or injury unless he can prove that the accident was due to the negligence of the pedestrian. A Select Committee of the Lords has approved this principle. They point out that

Motor vehicles have made the roads places to which it is dangerous for pedestrians to resort;

Nevertheless, it is necessary for pedestrians to resort to the roads; and therefore,

Where a pedestrian, without negligence on his part, is injured by a motorist, whether negligent or not, he should be entitled to claim damages.

Of course, such a liability would be covered by insurance, and thus spread over the whole body of motorists, who would have a special interest in keeping down accidents and reducing premiums.

THE MAN THEY LOVED

Guy's Senior Surgeon

Guy's Hospital has lost in its senior surgeon Robert Pugh Rowlands one of the most lovable of men.

He was a brilliant surgeon, whose skill has its memorial in the seventh edition of Operations in Surgery, which he edited. But in his treatment of his patients his heart was as active as his hands, and they will not forget the unfailing kindness and continued interest with which he encouraged them to pick up the threads of life again.

"I do not think he can ever have made an enemy, and few people have had so many friends," writes the senior physician of Guy's.

He was nearly sixty, and would have retired next year, when he was looking forward to getting out in the country more and having time for the wild birds and beasts he knew so much about.

Only quiet men, men who are content to stand and wait, can get his knowledge of wild life. It was not for nothing that this soft-voiced unassuming Welshman was nicknamed The Mouse when he was a student at Guy's, and was still The Mouse to many when he became the hospital's senior surgeon.

THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 33

Under the Window

IN the morning, while Paul was dressing in a bright sunshine, he pondered over Trencher's behaviour last evening. It was likely that Felix had left Trencher in charge and that he was gloating over such a chance of authority. Well, so it might be; but it didn't follow entirely that the surly brute intended to act as a gaoler.

No; his suspicions were probably doing Trencher injustice.

As soon as he was dressed he went straight down to the front door. It was standing wide open. He marched to the kitchen and found Trencher finishing breakfast.

"When you bolted that door last evening, how much did you mean?" he asked.

"Did I mean?" the man echoed, looking up from his plate and speaking in a voice that had lost its harsh quality. His manner had altered as well; it had changed for the better. "What I meant," he said politely, "is that I'm in charge, sir."

The Sir almost staggered Paul. It sounded so strange. He could hardly remember Trencher ever calling him Sir before.

"Yes, I know it meant that," he agreed. "And I quite understand that my guardian should have left you in charge of the house, seeing that you have been his servant before—"

"Well, then, sir?" interposed Trencher.

"But did you mean that he'd put you in charge of me as well, Trencher? Are you supposed to stop me going in and out as I like?" He looked straight at Trencher.

"Stop you! Of course not," said Trencher.

"Then that's all right. We understand one another."

"I hope so, sir," Trencher said smoothly, as he went to the hearth and returned with a dish of hot bacon. "And by the way, sir," he continued, setting the dish down, "Mr Felix wished you to take your meals with me during his absence. If you've no objection, sir," he added with an air of apology.

"Any special reason?" rapped Paul.

"None that I'm aware of, sir," Trencher replied. "But as my time won't be occupied by himself Mr Felix wants me to turn out the living-room thoroughly."

"And his own rooms as well, I suppose?"

"No, sir," said Trencher quietly. "They are locked up. Mr Felix locked them up and took the key with him."

"Was that aimed at me?" exclaimed Paul. "Did he think I'd go poking and prying among his possessions?"

"No," said Trencher, "no; and you needn't take on—I mean," he corrected himself, "there's no need to be annoyed, sir. Mr Felix, as you know, is engaged on some writing, and he hadn't time to sort his papers and put them away as precisely as he likes to do, Mr Paul. So he just turned the key on the lot."

"Yes, I see," said Paul.

Trencher drew himself up and crossed the passage to the living-room, where soon he was heard moving busily among the furniture. Paul, having finished, fetched his cap to go to the Cove. But he hadn't got far when he heard a man's heavy footsteps behind him.

"A mouthful of air will do me good, sir," smiled Trencher. "There's a lot of dust in that room. I'll clear out my lungs, sir."

"You are following me!" Paul cried.

"Not at all, sir," Trencher asserted as he fell into step; and continued till they came to the gap for the rocks. Then he stopped. "I've enjoyed that, sir," he remarked. "I'll be getting back now." He went, but as soon as the projection of the cliff hid him, Paul believed he heard that heavy tread come to a standstill.

How could he resist the impression that Trencher was shadowing him?

In the afternoon it was much the same thing; wherever Paul turned he found Trencher at his elbow. Once more he taxed the man, who once more denied it. But when the two following days brought no sort of improvement he turned on Trencher and accused him flatly of shadowing him.

"My guardian," he said, "may have told you to look after me, but he never told you to treat me as if I was a prisoner!"

"A prisoner, sir!" stared Trencher, shaking his head. "Have I ever stopped you going out, Mr Paul?"

"No. But you're always dogging me. Now, listen!" flared Paul. "Tomorrow

I'm going to the Three Chimneys with Esther Porthgarra."

"No, you're not, sir," said Trencher.

"And why not?" Paul flung at him fiercely.

"Mr Felix's instructions, sir," Trencher responded. "You are not to go out in the boat, sir, unless I accompany you. And I haven't any mind myself for the sea, sir."

"But Esther and I don't want you, and we won't take you."

"Nor yourselves, sir," said Trencher, with his hard smile.

"You'll stop me!"

"I know my duty, sir. I've been a soldier."

"I don't believe you," said Paul, who was losing his temper. "You've been a spy more likely. That's what you've been, Trencher!"

"Hard words break no bones," growled Trencher. "And orders are orders."

"You do mean you'll stop me?"

"That I certainly will, sir," said Trencher.

So what was there to be done? There was nothing. As force was out of the question nothing remained, though for a moment Paul thought of appealing to Michael Porthgarra and asking him to persuade Trencher to change his mind. But on second thoughts this seemed a little undignified; and not only that but unfair to Michael himself, seeing that Trencher was acting under his guardian's authority.

He could only grin and bear it till Felix came back. And then he would have it all out with the old gentleman. There was so much that he had to have out.

There was the dismissal of Cyrus and Hannah. Their replacement by Felix's own man. His narrow escape when those boulders crashed from the cliff. His curious withdrawal from the grammar school. The anonymous letter. Felix's wish to get him away from the Cove. The misadventure which had nearly cost him his life when the dresser had been removed and put back into its place with such peculiar haste. And the fact that the panelling had slid down so smoothly! Had it already, perhaps, been tested and eased? There was now to be added the mysterious departure of Felix, and his own imprisonment.

Oh, yes, he knew that there was an explanation of each. Cyrus and Hannah had gone in order to save Felix money; Trencher had come to act in part as a nurse. The need to save accounted, too, for the grammar school; and the job in the Scilly Isles was for his own benefit. Job Hambly, that half-wit, had owned up to the anonymous letter; and to sending similar ones to Felix and Mr Slanning. Trencher had never dreamed that the secret passage really existed or that the panelling moved to give access to it.

Explanations! Yes. But they left him disturbed. And one in particular had much disturbed Esther.

"But, Paul," she had said, "do you really think seriously that the panelling was set, as you call it, to close of its own accord? Do you really think that when Buckle Thomas built it he'd have run any risk of allowing it to trap himself? Isn't it more likely that somebody closed it after you'd disappeared through it?"

Well, he could soon settle that by trying the panelling. Accordingly he attempted to get to the living-room. But Trencher seemed always there with his brushes and brooms and the furniture all piled up in front of the dresser.

"Want anything?" he inquired the second time Paul tried.

Paul shook his head. It would wait till Felix came back. And then, he repeated, and then he'd have everything out.

It was on the fifth day after Felix Rim had departed that Paul woke up before it was light feeling suddenly thirsty, and rose to fetch some fresh water from the tap in the kitchen. But he paused at his window first, it being open as usual, to watch the forming rifts in the sky as the dawn stirred. He was standing there watching the skies slowly part from the sea and the glimmer of the horizon begin to grow visible when he heard a sound which caused him to draw back instinctively.

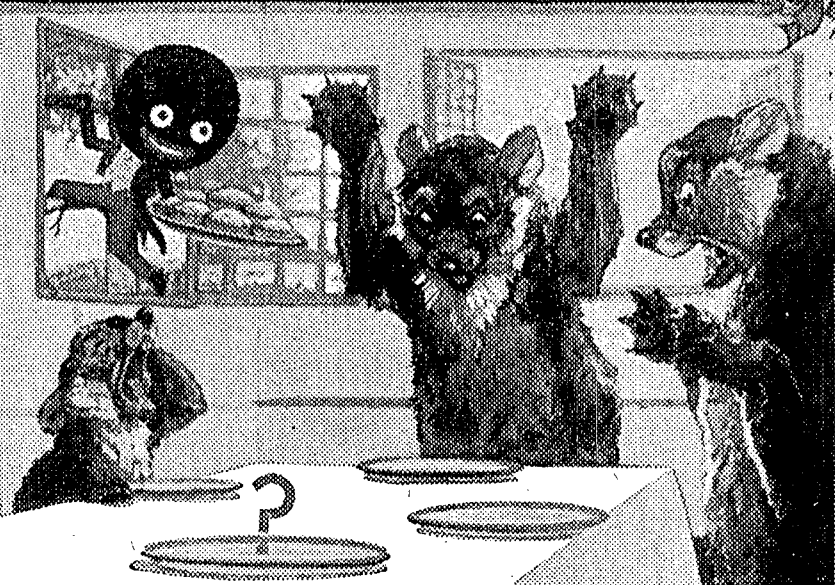
It was the sound of voices muttering under his window.

They seemed to be men's voices.

It was uncanny, such secret whispering at this early hour.

Continued on the next page

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THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Continued from page 13

So Paul crept to the window again and, crouching over the sill, he tried to investigate. He could make out two men in the shadows close to the wall, but the light was too poor to distinguish them by, nor could he catch a word of what they were saying. Then one moved and lifted his face to his companion for an instant while he uttered something in a low, imperative voice. The other nodded and both slipped away very silently.

Of that uplifted face Paul had caught a dim glimmer only, and yet it had been enough; for unless he was badly mistaken the face was that of the strange artist at The Young Sailor. Who had been the other man whispering with Slanning? In a flash Paul slipped from his room, and, creeping to Trencher's, he listened outside Trencher's door. He heard no sounds of heavy breathing from within. He tapped on the door, then opened it softly and glanced in.

Trencher was not in his room. Forgetting his thirstiness, Paul slipped back to his bed, and drew the clothes up to his chin and lay with his ears pricked, listening for Trencher's step on the stairs, and wondering what business the man could have with Stem Slanning which was so pressing that it couldn't keep till the daylight?

A moment later he heard Trencher's door open and shut again.

Should he tax Trencher? What was the good? The man would only lie to him.

He resolved that this should wait as well until Felix returned. For the next two days Paul kept himself close to the house, sitting over his books with his mind far away from them. But it wasn't any good upsetting himself; everything must wait until Felix came back.

In this mood he felt happier, even able to extract some amusement from Trencher's sly watchfulness.

CHAPTER 34

The Sprig of Elder

AND then the weather broke. The wind blew hard and straight from the land and the rambling house began to be full of queer noises, as it always did when the wind was in this direction. The stairs would creak as though people went up and down, the doors would suddenly bang themselves or start rattling, the chimneys howled by day and moaned by night.

One night, when Paul was going up to bed and passing the end of the queer little passage, with its three abrupt steps up to Felix's rooms, he could have sworn he heard someone moving inside those two locked rooms. This impression was so real that he ran down the stairs again to see if Trencher was actually in the kitchen. But Trencher was there all right. So he went up to bed again.

The following morning he was sitting at his own window, where he worked now that the living-room had been closed, when he heard the gate click and someone coming slowly up the path. It was Fyn, the vagrant, in his ragged frieze coat, his patched leather knickerbockers and grey worsted stockings. With his ears cocked and his knowing head on the slant, Farmer was pattering cautiously at Fyn's heels.

Fyn was carrying his basket, which he set down on the path just as Trencher, who had heard the gate click as well, came round the corner of the house. He stared at Fyn, who, removing his hat with a sweep of the arm, bowed low to him in a whimsical play-acting style, and began in a loud sing-song voice to chant of his wares. Simultaneously Farmer, well under the lee of his master, looked up at the window to Paul and wagged his tail quietly.

Paul rushed down. But he might have been a total stranger for all the notice that was taken of him by either visitor. The pedlar remained with his gaze set intently on Trencher while he continued to make that exaggerated play with his hat, which today bore the wing of a raven fixed in its band; and Farmer, letting one ear drop back to its usual position, closed the eye under it and let himself drop to the ground, where he sat with his forepaws crossed and his taut body quivering a little.

So Paul stayed where he was and stood watching.

Fyn was urging Trencher to buy and Trencher was frowning. Fyn tossed his hat to Farmer, who caught it adroitly and placed it under his paws. Then Fyn picked up his basket and stripped off the cover, to bring out handfuls of herbs which he offered to Trencher. Trencher tried to scowl him away. But the man

stood his ground; and gradually he was winning Trencher's attention.

Fyn set down the herbs and dived again into his basket. He brought out the slough of an adder. "Master," he cried, "hang this on your rafters and your house will never catch fire." He was dangling the scaly cast skin between finger and thumb. And when Trencher repulsed it, "and if an adder bites you," said Fyn, "betake yourself to an ash tree as quick as you can, master, and when you're there anoint the bite with the blood of a hare."

Trencher shuddered. The vagrant's puckered face seemed to contract as his keen eyes drew together under their eyebrows. "You don't like blood, master," he said in the same sing-song tone, "then wait and I'll show you a charm against bloodshed and bloodletting." He paused, to pluck from his basket a small faded sprig. "Here you are, master," he chanted, "the sprig of an elder tree. It cures toothache and ague. And it's a charm against the evil eye, master."

Then Fyn began to talk a great deal of the elder tree, and tell of its many magical properties and spells. But the unluckiest thing of all, he said, was to cut down an elder tree without begging its permission first in the proper way.

Thus the pedlar kept rattling on, until Trencher grew tired, and in ugly language bade him take himself off before he felt a stick laid across his back.

At this threat Fyn's eyes gleamed for a moment beneath his shaggy eyebrows and the dog sprang up bristling and growling, but its master waved it down while he picked up his basket, returning the adder's slough to its place with the rest, but keeping the sprig of elder in his hand still. "I'm going, master," he muttered. "I'll bid you good-day."

He turned and began to move down the path where Paul was standing; but he was shambling with drooping head and appeared unconscious of Paul.

Then Fyn halted, brought his head up again, and with his eyes all the time upon Trencher he spoke very slowly and clearly.

"You won't change your mind, will you, master?" he uttered. "Won't you buy my elder sprig to keep you from danger? Come, take it; master, and keep it fast in your pocket, and mark 'ee well, no danger

shall harm you or overcome you; neither that which hides by night nor watches by day. Keep it and wear it, master—against deadly danger."

"Clear off!" Trencher roared at him. Fyn went down the path and brushed past Paul as he went. Farmer followed sedately. The gate clicked behind them.

And Paul returned to his room and his work in the window. When he dipped his hand presently into the pocket of his jacket for a pencil his fingers closed upon something shrivelled and rough. He drew it out, wondering.

It was Fyn's sprig of elder!

CHAPTER 35

Paul Gets a Shock

THAT same night, and in the middle of the night, Paul woke up with a start as a violent gust of wind came driving against the house and went trumpeting seaward. But Paul had slept through many such uproars before and it was not this raging blast which had woke him.

He sat bolt upright and listened.

The sound that had pierced his sleep was a dull, muffled sound that might have come from inside or outside the house; that ceased, or was drowned by the wind, then returned, but more faintly. It was so faint now that he knew it would hardly have woken him unless there had been something furtive in it. For though it came in the night it did not belong to the night. In his imagination it was something evil.

Then as he strained his eyes to stare into the pitch darkness till the outline of his window formed itself vaguely, with nothing more to be seen but the blackness of night, and nothing to be heard any more but the wind, he wondered if he were only half awake still and had only dreamed that queer sound. For he was shivering, as he would shiver when waking from nightmare.

He reckoned that the time must be about three o'clock.

After listening awhile he dropped off to sleep again.

Yet presently he had once more started bolt upright with a sound which he thought he recognised in his ears. This was a steady drumming like the throb of a running engine, and came from below. The wind had dropped, a streak of pale moonlight was showing, and he crept to his window,

expecting to see a motor-car drawn up outside. But he neither saw any car nor the lights of a car. And, leaning out, he could hear nothing stirring in the garden.

After pondering for some moments he tiptoed across to his door and then as noiselessly crossed the landing to Trencher's, where he stayed with his ear to the jamb. As Trencher spied upon him he would spy upon Trencher, or, if need be, carry the war into Trencher's quarters. With this resolve he opened the door and peered in. He approached the bed. It was empty.

Returning to his own room, he put on his socks and, after striking a match to look at his watch and finding that it was only four o'clock still, he slipped from the room but closed the door softly behind him. He was determined to go down to see what the noise was, and what was the meaning of Trencher's mysterious absence.

Like a shadow now he slipped down the stairs, and with every step the steady drumming and throbbing seemed nearer. It came from the cellars; he felt sure that it came from the cellars; muffled by the door at the head of the flight of stone steps leading down to them.

So as soon as he reached the ground floor he went past the living-room, past the kitchen, and on toward that door.

He was holding his breath as his fingers closed on the knob and turned it as quietly as possible, drawing the door open, when at once a feeble glimmer came from below.

But he dared not descend yet, although aware that he was invisible except from the very bottom of the steps where the passage had been cut at a right angle which took an abrupt left-turn into the cellars. He feared the opening of the door might have given the alarm and bring someone into the passage.

But no one appeared, so step by step he stole down, as the throbbing sound, which had ceased for a few minutes now, broke out again and lessened his need for precaution. But he paused at the bottom and stood listening again, with braced muscles; then continued to the end of the passage, where he crouched low down by the wall to peep round the corner through the archway into the cellars.

There were two of these cellars, one opening out of the other. A tallow candle that spluttered and smoked in its stick was dimly illuminating the one nearer Paul, but the farther and larger cellar displayed a wide circle of light shed by three big lamps that swung from the ceiling.

It was in this circle of light that Paul perceived Trencher standing with his back to him. The man was fully dressed and engaged at a small, throbbing oil-engine which by means of a belting shaft was driving a noisy machine resembling a miniature crushing-machine.

Over a little table a second figure was bending.

And on a bench adjoining stood a number of glass retorts, with a rack of test tubes, a spirit lamp and some water; while two heavy hammers were leaning against the bench and the floor beside them was strewn with fragments of rock.

The bending figure had its side face to Paul, and was examining something intently through a large hand-glass.

Paul recoiled a pace, so shattered with stupefaction that very nearly he had let out a cry. For the figure with venerable white locks which leaned over the table and gripped the glass in a hand as white as a woman's was that of the man who was said to be miles away.

It was Felix Rim. Paul could see the gentle smile that played on his lips.

He waited to see no more. Every nerve in his body was warning him to flee before he himself was seen. He hastened back to his room, where he locked himself in. He could no more explain the pounding fear at his heart than he could have explained the instinct which told him he had come into contact with Evil.

In broad daylight would he have laughed at himself? Very likely. But in this ghastly hour between night and morning there was no suspicion which would dismiss itself as incredible.

Then he struck another match to look at his watch. Its hands were standing at twenty minutes past four. Just twenty minutes since he had started downstairs.

But how much difference twenty minutes had made!

Twenty minutes ago he had firmly believed that Felix Rim was on the other side of the ocean. Twenty minutes ago he had never imagined that Trencher was lying when he said that Felix was gone. Had Felix been hiding in the house all the time? And, if so, with what hideous motive?

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO IS TOO CLEVER

THERE was quite a flutter in the household when Father Jacko's old friend wired to ask if he could stay the night.

"The Professor is a grand old man," exclaimed Mother Jacko. "Fancy travelling about lecturing at his age!"

In the afternoon the visitor arrived, carrying a small black bag which contained his cap and gown.



"What a studious face!" murmured an onlooker

Jacko didn't go with the others to hear the old gentleman lecture on Fossils. His turn came the next day when the Professor took him to the Monkeyville Art Gallery.

But Jacko soon got bored with the pictures. "Give me the Movies every time," he muttered, longing for something more exciting.

Soon he spied a huge empty gilt frame tilted against the corner wall in one of the rooms.

"What's happened here?" he asked.

"Perhaps someone bought the picture and didn't want the frame," suggested his companion.

Jacko was amazed, and said so.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Fancy leaving the best part behind!"

Before long the Professor felt so tired that he told Jacko to look round alone while he had a rest. Then he sat down to admire a landscape and fell asleep.

When the old gentleman woke it was getting dusk, and he started searching for Jacko, who had disappeared.

"Looks as if the young rascal's gone home," he grunted wearily.

Suddenly he noticed some people looking at a picture in a far dingy corner. Stepping forward, he saw a gilt frame surrounding a boy who stood erect, book in hand, wearing a cap and gown with great dignity. It looked remarkably like . . .

"What a studious face!" murmured an admiring onlooker.

"What intelligence!" said another.

"What cheek!" exploded the Professor—with such a roar that the picture promptly shook, the cap rolled off, and the next moment Jacko and the gown were lying in a heap on the floor!

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Stories of Great Courage

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Herbert Spencer	Louis Botha
THE HEROIC SPIRIT NOT YET	HE MADE SOUTH AFRICA
COME INTO HIS OWN	A NATION
Richard Hakluyt	Henry Coxwell
HE INSPIRED MEN IN	7 MILES UP IN A BASKET
OUR GOLDEN AGE	The Prophet Daniel
Florence Nightingale	THE MIGHTY CAPTIVE
THE LADY OF THE LAMP	WHO SWAYED KINGS

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THE Stamp Collector's Corner

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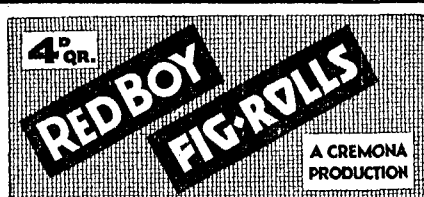
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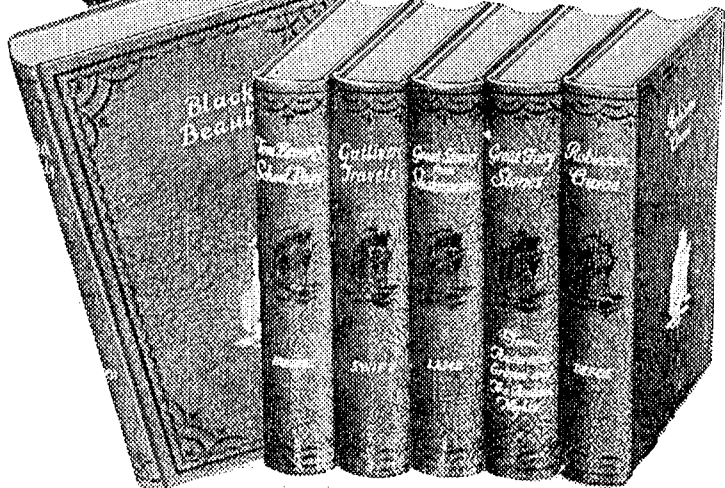
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affix 1d.
stamp here

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 30, 1933

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's
HEROES
Sixpence every Friday

THE BRAN TUB

Unequal Shares

A SUM of money was divided among several people, including Thomson and Jackson. Thomson received a quarter of the total sum and Jackson received two-fifths of it. If the amount received by these two had been equally divided between them Thomson would have received £210 more than he actually did.

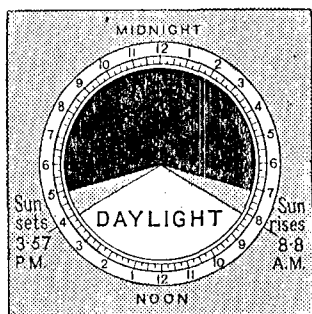
What was the total sum?

Answer next week

Feast For Ants

IN England we are very concerned if a few ants from the garden invade the house, but a report comes from Illinois, U.S.A., that white ants, or termites, have completely eaten up a wooden house and a barn.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on December 30. The daylight is now getting longer each day.

What Are We?

WE are twins by our birth—this you freely will own
As soon as our properties to you are known;
And truly we are as much like to each other
As ever was any boy unto his brother.
To travel we have from our births been addicted,
For that very often our dress is neglected.
Yet our station, dear children, quite humble is found,
For our faces full often embrace the cold ground. Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

THE grey and white wagtails are seen. Larks are also seen in flocks in the fields. The nuthatch is heard chattering. Several birds have begun to sing again, among them being the song thrush, the mistle thrush, the wren, and the redbreast. The slug appears in the open. The polyanthus and the winter aconite are found blossoming in sheltered spots.

Millions of Parcels

THE parcel-post department of the Post Office deals with an average of a hundred and fifty million parcels each year. Of these over five millions are for delivery overseas. About 2,700,000 are carried on the cash-on-delivery system. The central sorting office at Mount Pleasant has a private underground railway consisting of seven miles of tunnels, linking the office with railway stations.

Let On Parle Français



Le toit de la chaumière est vieux.
Le freux est une sorte de corbeau.
Cet arbre a des racines profondes.

Tangled Birds

BELOW are the tangled names of six birds. Can you solve them?

SHORT LET
BALD BRICK
LAST BOARS
HER FIG SKIN
POKE RED COW
HANGING TILE

Answer next week

Queer Arithmetic

GEORGE had won a prize for arithmetic, so his brother gave him this little problem to solve. "Can you," he said, "take half of five and subtract one from it so that five is left?" "Impossible!" exclaimed George; so his brother showed him how it could be done. What was the solution?

Answer next week

The Allenby Bridge

AMONG the very fine stamps recently issued by the Transjordan Post Office the 20 mils.



value is of special interest. This stamp shows the Allenby Bridge, which spans the River Jordan some 1200 feet below sea-level.

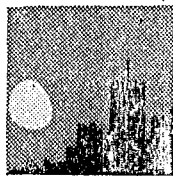
The Carpet Washers

ORIENTAL carpets are sent a thousand miles and more to London to be washed. They are not old carpets in need of renovation, but new ones. When they come off the looms their colours are too crude, and it is only in London that they can undergo a process of being washed in a secret

chemical solution which tones down the colours to a pleasing hue. There are three or four firms engaged in this strange business. Each employs about 200 people.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus, Saturn, and Mars are in the South-West, and Uranus is in the South. In the morning Jupiter is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, January 3.



All the Same

ASK a friend if he can write down ten girls' names the initial letters of which are all the same. After a while he will probably give up, and say that you cannot do it either.

Then you write this list down on a scrap of paper, and when you show it to him he exclaims: "But the initial letters are not all the same!" Alice, Lucy, Lily, Tess, Helen, Eva, Sally, Ada, Mary, Elsie.

Then you point out that the initial letters spell "All the same."

Railway Coal

THE locomotive of an express train uses about two tons of coal for each 100 miles travelled, and there are 21,500 locomotives on the British railways. The railways order about 14 million tons of coal in a year.

Cross Here

AT crossing the road
I have no fear;
I go to the place
Called Please Cross Here.
At the top of our street
The cross-roads end,
And that's where he stands,
My policeman friend—
Salutes, and says:
Good morning, my dear;
Then sees me over
At Please Cross Here.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Question of Time. The clocks drew apart by 5 minutes each hour, or 60 minutes in 12 hours. When the fast clock strikes midnight it is actually 24 minutes fast. Thus the right time is 11.36 p.m., and the clock was set going 12 hours earlier, at 11.36 a.m.

A Riddle in Rhyme. Riddle
The G.N. Cross Word Puzzle

DRAMA MAPPELUDE
RIB SKATING NOD
AASHEN PAGES I
MASH TE ET MEAT
BEAST E ASPEN
PURR LADEN INTO
US PRECENTOR IN
TERSE END FENCE

Dr MERRYMAN

A Late Arrival

THE Slowcombe fire brigade was very proud of itself.

"We put out that fire last night within ten minutes of arriving," said the captain.

"Had it got a good start?" asked his friend.

"I should say so," he replied, with enthusiasm. "Why, when we arrived there was nothing left but the basement."

Salesmanship

DYKE: Mike is a brainy fellow in business.

Pyke: What makes you say so?

Dyke: He arranges football matches for charity for men over fifty, and the day after he goes and sells them embrocation.

Quiet and Loud



SOFTLY Monty leaves the house, Dressed in his best and mighty proud. But though he's quiet as a mouse, I fear his clothes are somewhat loud.

The Easy Path

PERCY thought he would like some boxing lessons.

"Now, are there any questions you would like to ask?" said the instructor, when the first lesson was over.

"Y-yes," gasped Percy. "How much is your correspondence course?"

Look Pleasant, Please

THE little guests at a party were being arranged in a group for a flashlight photograph. Seeing one little fellow who appeared rather awed the photographer spoke to him kindly.

"Cheer up, Sonny," he said. "Smile at this little girl over here."

"Why should I?" he asked indignantly. "She's my sister."

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

BOB and his mother lived in a small cottage in the village not far from the Grange, where Bob's godfather Mr Peterson lived.

One of Bob's greatest treats was to go to tea with his godfather, which he did very often. They played a most exciting game once a year which Bob called the Choosing Game.

Some weeks before Christmas Mr Peterson would produce a toy catalogue and say: "Now, Bob, I want your advice. I'm going to buy a present for a little boy who is exactly your age. What d'you think he'd like best?" And Bob, greatly excited, and knowing quite well that the little boy was really himself, would choose

what he wanted most from the catalogue.

Today Bob was having tea with his godfather, and



He opened the parcel

when they had finished Mr Peterson said:

"Dear me! What's the date? I really must get a calendar for my desk! But Christmas isn't far off, so I

want your advice, Bob. I want to buy a present for a boy who is just your age; what d'you think he'd like best?" and his eyes twinkled.

Pretending to choose for another boy, Bob pointed out breathlessly a lovely model engine in the catalogue.

He rushed home to tell his mother that he and his godfather had been playing the Choosing Game; but he was very excited about something else too.

"Mummy," he cried, "I've got a lovely idea! You know I always send Mr Peterson a Christmas card, because you say I can't give him anything he hasn't got. Well, I know something: he wants a calendar. And I'm going

THE CHOOSING GAME

to make him a lovely one to stand on his desk."

His mother thought that a splendid idea. So Bob bought a piece of white card and a stick-on calendar. Then he stuck the calendar and his favourite coloured picture of an aeroplane, which he had cut out of a magazine, on to the card. Mummy helped him to glue a stiff flap on the back to make it stand upright.

When Christmas morning came Bob was almost as excited at taking Mr Peterson his calendar as having his lovely engine. And when his godfather opened his parcel he said, "Well, Bob, if you'd have asked me what an old gentleman of my age would like best I should have said A calendar!"

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